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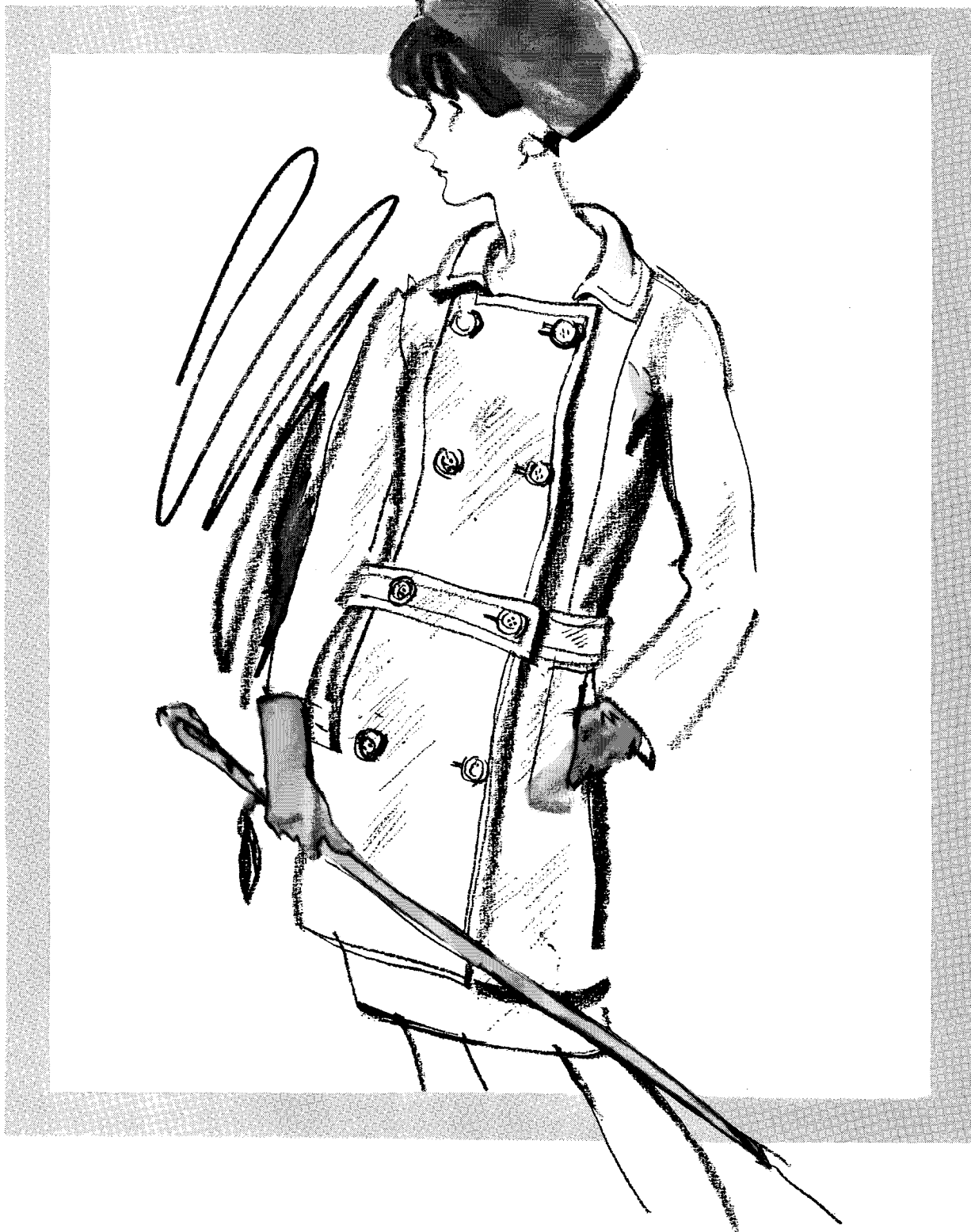
LAURA JEAN ALLEN



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE GLASS MENAGERIE—George Grizzard, Pat Hingle, Piper Laurie, and Jo Van Fleet in Tennessee Williams' play. Directed by George Keathley. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LUV—Under Mike Nichols' lively direction, Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson make merry as three very confused neurotics in a feathery item by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE ODD COUPLE—Neil Simon's utterly beguiling comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Walter Matthau, Art Carney, and all the others in the cast are splendid, and Mike Nichols has directed the business with his customary ability. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT—A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff that has its amusing moments as it describes the emotional vagaries of a stiff-necked would-be author (Alan Alda) and a carefree prostitute (Diana Sands) he has fallen in with. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—ANY WEDNESDAY: Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and George Gaynes in a farce by Muriel Resnik about a girl who is a rich man's plaything. Jeffrey Lynn will substitute for Mr. Gaynes for a month starting Monday, Aug. 2. (Music Box, 45th St. W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

... BAREFOOT IN THE PARK: A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Anthony Roberts, and Mildred Natwick. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

... THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES: An account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. With Jack Albertson, Martha Scott, and Martin Sheen. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

BAKER STREET—Moriarty's celebrated rival on the loose in a musical that, alas, is somewhat laggardly. Fritz Weaver is the famous private eye and Inga Swenson a lady in love with him. There is also a fine interlude in which Victoria's Diamond Jubilee parade is done in trompe-l'oeil by Bil Baird's marionettes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

DO I HEAR A WALTZ?—Arthur Laurents's comedy (originally "The Time of the Cuckoo") about an American spinster trying to hold her virtuous own in wicked old Venice. Although set to music by the redoubtable Richard Rodgers, this version of the play, however gently mellifluous, seems a trifle thin. Elizabeth Allen is the spinster, and Sergio Franchi is the Venetian who scrambles her notions of right and wrong. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HALF A SIXPENCE—A most agreeable adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," in which Tommy Steele figures to splendid advantage. The



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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songs—quite compelling—were written by David Heneker, and the choreography, which cannot be faulted, was arranged by Onna White. The over-all direction is the work of Gene Saks, and very good it is. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OLIVER!—A return engagement of the London musical by Lionel Bart, with Robin Ramsay and Maura K. Wedge. Opens Monday, Aug. 2. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE ROAR OF THE GREASEPAINT—THE SMELL OF THE CROWD—A dull bit of business, which finds Anthony Newley, as a small put-upon proletarian, pitted against Cyril Ritchard, as a big Establishment bully. About the only redeeming feature of the affair is a song called "Feeling Good," which is let loose by Gilbert Price. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: Zero Mostel in a saga based on some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednes-

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days at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

FUNNY GIRL: Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

GOLDEN BOY: A musical rehash of Clifford Odets's play about a highly sensitive boxer, played by Sammy Davis. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HELLO, DOLLY!: Carol Channing romping through an adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

MUSIC THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—A revival of **KISMET**, with Alfred Drake, Anne Jeffreys, and Lee Venora, is the first of two musicals by the company. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center, TR 7-4727. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 31.)

APA AT THE PHOENIX—A three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. Shaw's **MAN AND SUPERMAN**: Thursday and Friday, July 29-30, at 8:40; Sunday, Aug. 1, at 7:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 3-4, at 8:30. **Giraudoux's JUDITH**: Saturday, July 31, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Aug. 1, at 2:30; and Saturday, Aug. 7, at 2:30 and 8:30. **WAR AND PEACE**: Thursday and Friday, Aug. 5-6, at 8:30. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

AMERICAN SAVOYARDS—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, July 29-30, at 8:40; "The Yeomen of the Guard," ... **¶** Saturday, July 31, at 3 and 8:40; "Iolanthe," ... **¶** Sunday, Aug. 1, at 3 and 7:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 3-4, at 8:40; "The Gondoliers," ... **¶** Thursday and Friday, Aug. 5-6, at 8:40; "The Mikado," ... **¶** Saturday, Aug. 7, at 3 and 8:40; "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S THEATRE SONGS—This pleasant diversion, as directed by Will Holt and as performed by Don Francks, Trude Adams (in orange), and especially Micki Grant (in pink), falls somewhere between a concert and a revue. Some of the numbers sound a bit frail without the backing of chorus or dancers, but the songs from "Candide" stand up very well indeed, partly, no doubt, because of Richard Wilbur's fine lyrics. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

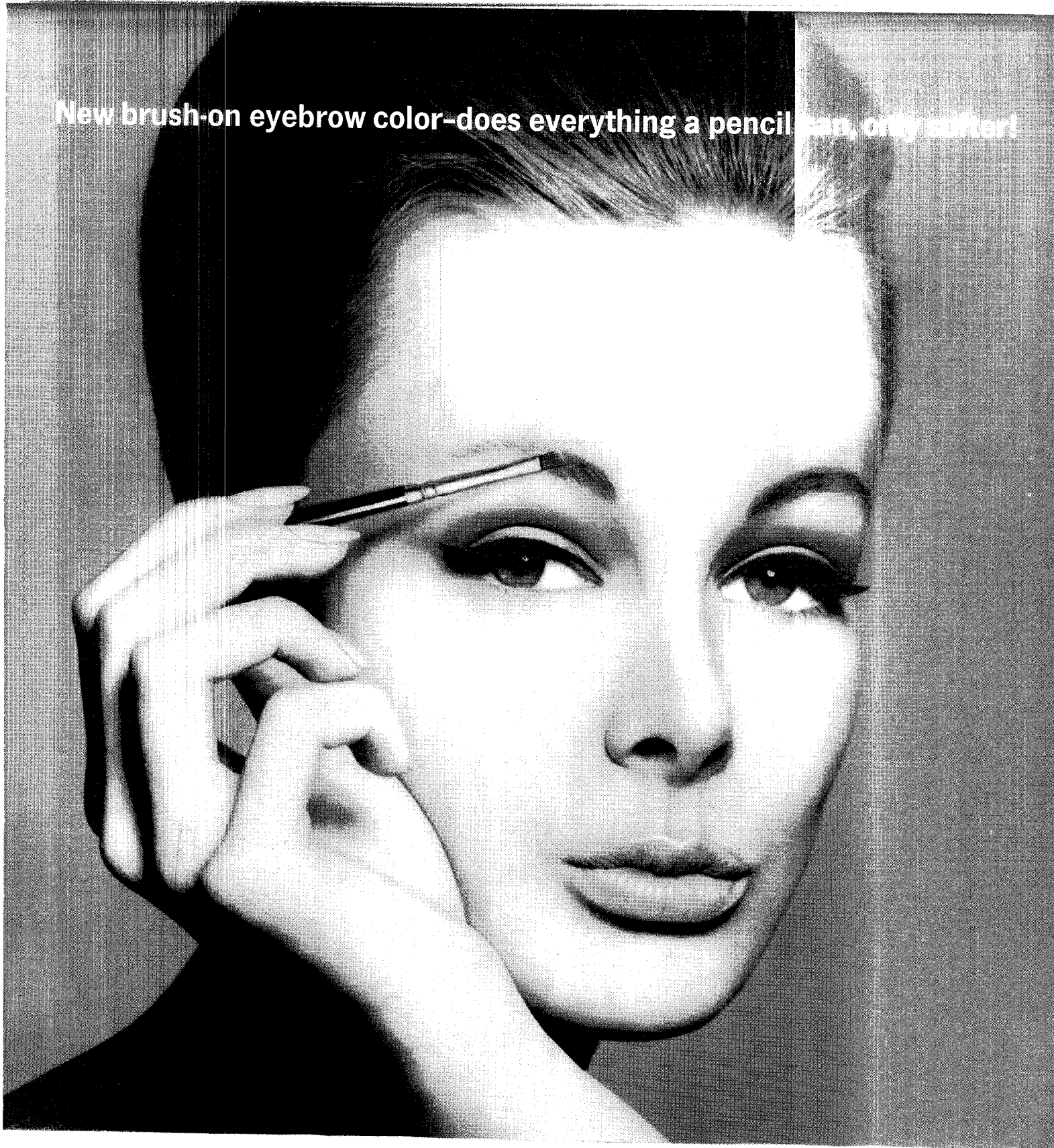
THE EXCEPTION AND THE RULE AND THE PRODIGAL SON—"The Prodigal Son" is Langston Hughes' musical dramatization of the Bible story, in a jubilant and beautiful production. Vinnette Carroll has directed the remarkable all-Negro cast of dancers and gospel singers. "The Exception and the Rule," which precedes it, is a fable of dreary condescension by the late but inevitable Bertolt Brecht. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsy is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE KNACK—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, Robert S. Ogden, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLI, No. 24, July 31, 1965. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1965 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, \$8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, \$9.00; other foreign, \$11.00.

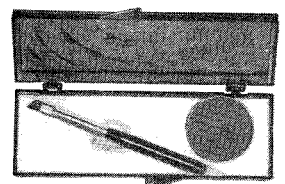
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LIVE LIKE PIGS—Most of this apparently rowdy but actually wistful English play, by John Arden, consists of scenes from the home life of a raffish bunch who have been forced to move from an abandoned tram car into a tidy housing project. The play is lively at times and tedious at times, and the same can be said of its performance by the Theatre Company of Boston. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE ROOM AND A SLIGHT ACHE—Mystery and torment and wildly funny talk are again the ingredients of these brilliant one-act comedies by Harold Pinter. "The Room," his first play, written in 1957, takes place in a dingy rooming house; the country setting for "A Slight Ache" is far more genteel. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougall St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE ZOO STORY AND KRAPP'S LAST TAPE—A revival of this Edward Albee-Samuel Beckett double bill. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of "Coriolanus," with Robert Burr, James Earl Jones, and Jane White, will be given through Saturday, July 31. "Troilus and Cressida," with Richard Jordan and Flora Elkins, will be the last in a series of three plays by the company. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 4, and will run through Saturday, Aug. 28. (Delacorte Theater, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—"Mardi Gras!," a musical based on the legends of New Orleans, with a book by Sig Herzog and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes David Atkinson, Karen Shepard, Juanita Hall, and Wilbur de Paris's jazz band. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Kim Sisters, a choir of Koreans who have become thoroughly acclimated to the folkways of American vaudeville, end their energetic dinner and supper stints in the Royal Box on Saturday, July 31. The new arrival, due on Monday, Aug. 2, is the magnificent Phyllis Diller, the Battle Hymn of the Republic. The orchestra of Lee Evans, one of the best in town, is around most of the evening. Closed Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A convenient warehouse for keeping furs and jewels cool during the summer. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra perform for anyone who has time to dance. Closed Sundays.

MARK TWAIN RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Life on our inland waterways was never more handsomely memorialized. On one deck of this many-tiered restaurant, the worthy project of bringing the big bands back alive (not on tape) is carried on by Richard Maltby's orchestra, which contains a wealth of sound. The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. Sundays are silent.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's Yale teams is having summer practice on the bandstand of the

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happy little island called the Café Pierre. Business as usual every night of the week.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Cilla Black, a London rocker-and-roller who is now atoning by converting herself into a balladeer, is in the Persian Room. She is a dinner and supper item only on Fridays and Saturdays; ten o'clock is her hour the rest of the week. Milt Shaw's orchestra and Mark Monte's bouncy band keep much longer hours. Closed Sundays. Leo LeFleur's duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty; then, at eight, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the capital city of a first-rate Ruritania. Gunnar Hansen's violin (every night but Sunday) furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. The LeFleur group does another turn, from seven to nine, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests. Closed Fridays and Saturdays.

PROMENADE CAFÉS, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (246-5800)—The great fountain comes up like thunder, and a small dance band comes up like a summer breeze, on the floor of this sunken garden. The music runs from nine until two every night but Sunday, and the kitchen of the English Grill stays open late, too.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—See the pretty smog from the topless towers of Ilium, and listen to Michael Longo's folksy orchestra, which can be heard but not viewed on the cocktail deck; it can be danced to on the dining deck. The sound department operates from eight to one. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Sitting pretty, or dancing in the same fashion, is the occupation of the *jeunesse dorée* that climbs this pinnacle. Charles Turecamo's band, fresh as a daisy, and Quintero's orchestra, which is quite at home in Latin, do their level best from eight until two. Closed Sundays.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Amid what passes in our town for Sherwood Forest (but without *banditti*), there are dining and dancing from seven-thirty until after midnight every night but Monday.

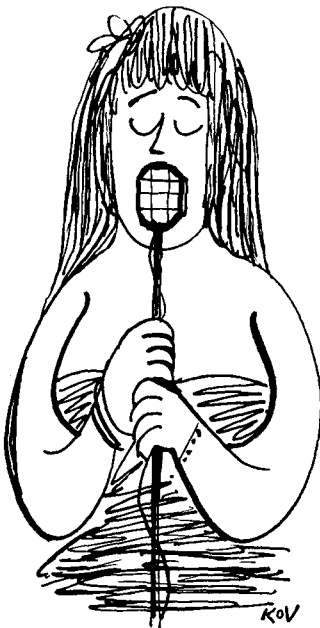
NOTE—**ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Cadets who are awaiting their chance to operate in space can work out on the giant floor (a hundred and fifty feet long), even though only the social graces and

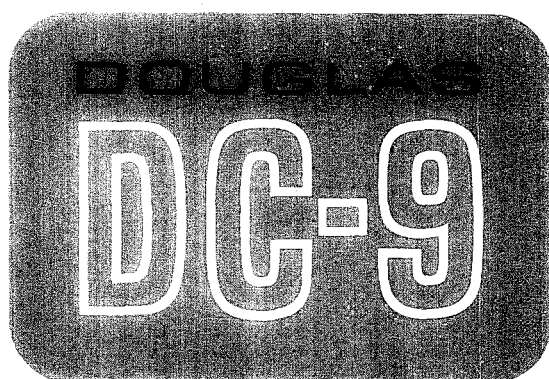
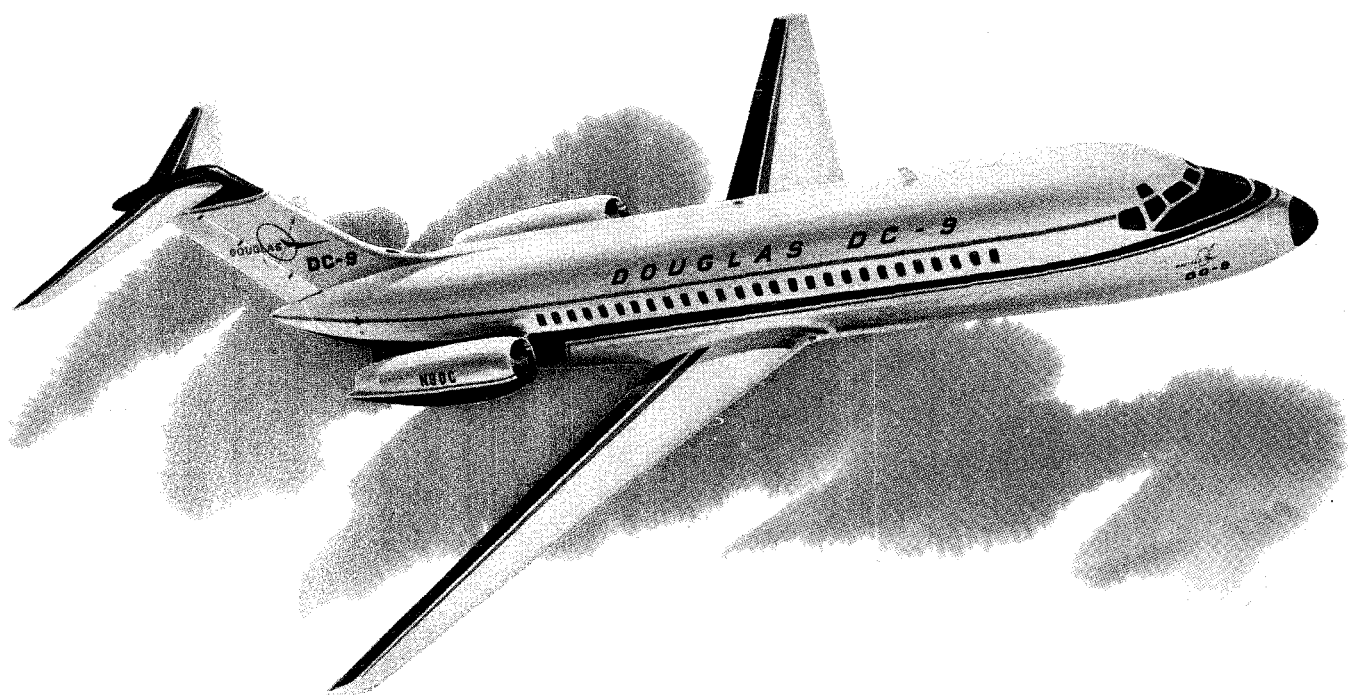
none of the Twist variants are allowable. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Additionally, there are Thursday and Saturday matinees, one-thirty to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A potpourri of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A community small enough for everyone to know everyone, which leads to an enormous number of words per cubic foot. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Fridays through Sundays. **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): There are nightingales in the shrubbery of this Florentine garden. Though they like to patronize their neighborhood composers, they also sing in English. The chanting happens every night, and an easy-does-it dance band operates from Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays. **SHERATON-EAST**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the Café Ambassador, a richly embossed slice of city-scape, every *geste* is *beau*. Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Though Cy Walter, a staff of night life, has fifty-eight fingers, none of them get in the way of any others when he sits down to his pianoforte, which he does from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one, in this dream of Empire. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Visitors to this not-to-be-taken-seriously example of castle architecture along the Loire may stay on for dinner and serenading by violin and piano, which strike up with reasonable frequency every evening but Sunday. **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about Loire architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are deservedly imperishable. He gets rolling in the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): One part pomp, one part circumstance, one part Riviera song and music, which (like the chef) usually carry on from six until two. Closed Sundays. **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Seekers of that castle in Spain should find this close-to-home one near to their hearts. In the midst of its restrained opulence, there is handsome guitar music (José Luis Francal) direct from the Spanish Main. The recitals run intermittently from dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays. **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A similar reestablishment of architecture for architecture's sake, likewise providing room for Andalusian guitar (Gustavo Lopez), and on the same schedule, every night but Sunday. **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 60th St. (YU 8-5850): One look at this West Indie tells you that out of the woodwork, which would be perfectly at home in Kingston, there is sure to appear a native guitarist who will be singing those cruise-ship Caribbean ditties and who will be named Lord Superior. He, or a faultless facsimile, is on deck from nine to one at the start of the week, from seven-thirty until two Thursdays through Saturdays, and from seven to eleven on every Sunday that does not fall within August. **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Undergraduate practitioners of one or another of the lively arts have turned the room into a week-long retreat. Three of the hired hands play jazz, new school, through the week; Sundays, a pianist works out. **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

61st St. (PL 9-4100): Imperial majesty is an important ingredient of the Regency Room cocktail lounge but not of the piano of Rack Godwin, which is sometimes wholly *pour le sport*. The hours are five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory and a bit of open-air breathing space, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to eight and from nine-thirty to two, except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE**, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1900): Those who wonder what ever became of such fixtures of night life as Nancy Steele, Jimmie Daniels, and Murray Grand will find them together in a plush-and-panelled playroom. The Steele chansons are done in romping, who-cares fashion; the Daniels ditties occur in *bon-vivant* fashion; the Grand piano is fluent and romantic. Ronnie Ball's duo is the jazz background. The music begins at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Dress circle, more often than not. Venetian-glass piano is contributed from eight-thirty until one or two by Karl Inwald, who has only the kindest memories of Vienna. Saturday, July 31, is the end of the summer season. . . . **MONSIEUR**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Warm, busy evenings on the Via Veneto, where the American visitors dine among a set of musicians who amble back and forth until late at night. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Dining and supping in the bar and restaurant, decorative and dignified, go along with offhand piano by Johnny Ryan, new man in town, and songs-with-guitar by Enzo Lembo. Mr. R. runs from six-thirty to one, except Mondays; Mr. L. runs from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays. . . . **SPINDLE-TOP**, 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): *Lebensraum* for stars of stage, screen, and radar after the theatre, but there is space for mere mortals, too. Ellen Harwick, a cheerful-careful pianist, will be replaced, on Monday, Aug. 2, by the regular staffman, Frankie Ray, a New Mexican bubble with a guitar and a tenor. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The discothèque, a fact of life distinguished more by quantity than by quality, is represented at its best by **SHEPHERD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): A senior member of the board, and one of the first to bring a touch of repute to the peculiar industry. The appointments are opulent, the music is clarion. From seven to ten, it is supplied by real people; after that, it is issued by computers, which run until one on Sundays, until three or four other nights. Dinner and supper. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): How to hang a garden in Babylon. There are no Penrod Schofields in the assemblage of young people to be found floundering on the floor here. The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **U MO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is all from a speaking tube, the hours are eight until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to Underground Movies. . . . **THE GARRISON**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079): A province of El Morocco, designed for customers who like their music pre-packed. Eight to four, except Sundays, is the curriculum. . . . **ENTRE NOUS**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Though dining in a certain amount of pomp is the principal consideration, there is a dance floor, too, and— from ten until three or so—a jockey astride the record-player. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Pretty and deserving girls who have nothing to wear are nevertheless uncomplainingly enjoying themselves night after night in an extravaganza that at times passes all understanding. Most of their current companions—the Xavier Cugat extravaganza, which (apart from his jests) is quite merry—depart on Tuesday, Aug. 3, but Lynda Gloria, a

dame de style in her role as Folies Bergère soubrette, stays on. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0000): The Supremes, three *cum-laude* girl graduates of the National School of Traumatic Arts, are rocking and rolling their way across the stage, leaving but a mite of room for Bobby Ramsen, one of those Copa comedians. There is also an exceptional group of Copa ballerinas, elevated to the supernal by the archness of Jane Zachary's prances. Dancing. . . . In the lounge, which makes one feel that it is perpetually three o'clock in the morning, there is plenty of jive, jingle, and jangle from ten o'clock until very, very late every night of the week.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The experiment of the year—a swift charade that, swirling around the piano of William Roy, pianist and mentor, brings the art of close and comic harmony to concert pitch. The harmonizers—Dick Riddle, Alice Borden, Lou Kristofer, Michael Maurer, Maggie Peters, Kitty Sullivan, and Mr. Roy himself—are knee-deep in youth, vigor, and zest. Otis Clements is the interlude pianist. The event begins not long after nine and goes on and on until quite late. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The army that sings together swings together, which means that Los Chavales de España are in bold, brassy form. A fine bit of fluff called Luisita Sevilla is their principal dancer. The performers take the floor at dinner and supper through the week, and again at two Saturday nights. Sundays begin with an all-out tea dance and end with a show at ten-thirty. The customers, often equally expert, can dance at any time, too. . . . In the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of Spanish love song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A Cuban hacienda housing a bunch of ballet devotees—the Lydia Torea troupe—that has both Las Vegas and Andalusian antecedents. Since they live in, they are on hand every evening. A mite named Maribel de Cirez is especially apt to catch one's fancy. Dinner and supper are when they go into action. Dancing. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter" restores to us Porter games with words and music that have been too long in the warehouse. It also restores an absolutely untrammelled Kaye Ballard, who is having herself a terribly good time, and the footwork of Harold Lang. Some of the stage business contains an archness Mr. P. would not have liked, but no matter. This all happens every night but Monday at eight-thirty, as well as at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Heat lighting, burning desire, and a sprinkling of humor are the basic materials of the ballads sung so well by Felicia Sanders; Dick Cavett, budding wit, is here, too. Irving Joseph, Norene Tate, and Warren Vaughn, their aides, have a lot of romantic piano at the tips of their fingers. Closed Mondays. Tuesday, Aug. 3, a new cast checks in. . . . **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): An at times formidably restless way of life, but it does offer Leon Bibb, one of the best voices ever to be devoted to folk music. The rest of the amusement is of no importance. Tee-off time is nine-thirty every night. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The stop-press additions to the third edition of the minute revue called "The Game Is Up" have much improved the editorial content. The current cast is inclined to give the jests an *accent grave*, but Ruth Buzzi is the exception to that rule. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Two interesting samples of basically arhythmic jazz—a foursome dominated by the horn of Sonny Rollins (by turn sentimental, acerbic, and court jester) and a threesome dominated by the piano of

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Cecil Taylor (after the fall—of Humpty Dumpty, that is). On Tuesday, Aug. 3, a Down South pianist, Fats Wright, will succeed the Taylors. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening carnivals; Mondays, both crews lay off. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Odetta, who is above all temptation to turn folk music into a carnival, is being both hearty and heartfelt; Herbie Mann's flute is floating determinedly over his crew of Caribbean bandsmen. Monday is the day of rest. The dance floor is in operation every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. The dining pavilion and open-air café, one flight above all this, are open from five to eleven every evening but Monday. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): *Café noir, café au lait, caffè cappuccino*, in the best of the Greenwich Village coffeehouses, and the one most likely to amuse. Music from the upcountry is the staple, and the current pliers of it are newcomers, Johnny Sea and Sue York. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The quintet belonging to Zoot Sims and Al Cohn lives very much in the present. It is supplemented Fridays through Sundays by the indomitable Jimmy Rushing, an only-yesterday shouting-from-the-housetops singer. On Tuesday, Aug. 3, a change of bill may occur. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Roland Kirk, jack of all instruments, is blowing his top at the head of a quartet. On Mondays, a rock-'n'-roll group plays from nine-thirty on, and dancing is permissible. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The plain, simple sound of old-fashioned outgoing music, designed to cheer rather than confuse. It is produced by Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Dill Jones, Cliff Leeman, Herb Gardner, and quite often, too, by Eddie Condon himself, the long-invisible patron saint of the premises. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar is the trio of Billy Taylor, whose piano, though still cheerful, is now interested in "adjusted" (or "concert") jazz. Between sets, the British Eddie Thompson sits in at the keyboard—gentled music during dinner, up-and-at-them music after the theatre. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9595): The immutable laws of traditional music are honored in the observance here. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Marshall Brown, Wild Bill Davison, and Tony Parenti are the layers-down of these laws. Don Frye plays piano all by himself on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A very contemporary youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the String Stretchers, as they like to think of themselves) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): A music stand whose blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and all that) may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria, so ancient are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. Sundays, Dixieland has its say from four-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): It looks like midsummer on Nantucket. At a guess, no one at the tables or on the dance floor is allowed to be over twenty-four, and the music, served up at fever heat, goes on from nine-thirty until four through the week, and from eight until one-thirty on Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

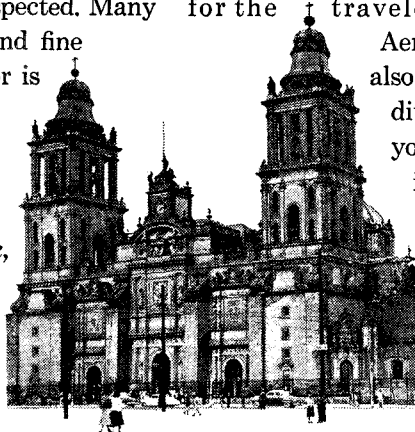
CARL HOLTY—Abstractions: through Friday, July 30. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

SCULPTURES—Constructivist pieces by American

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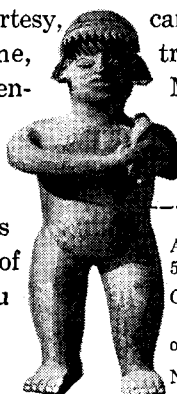
skyline. It's all there, too, in the modern Mexican character, the people's proud appreciation of its past. It's part of the charm Mexico holds for the traveler.

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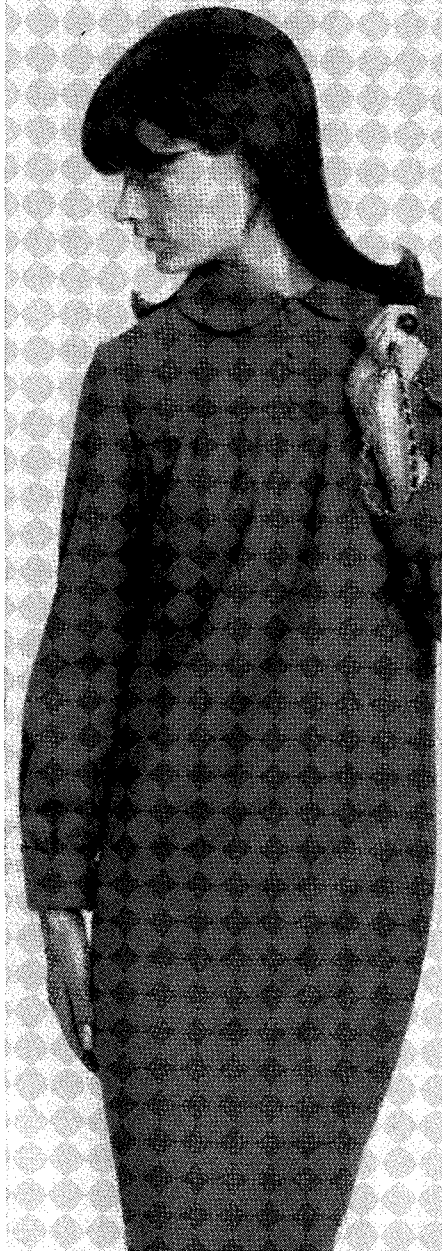
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and European artists, among them Joseph Konzal, J. J. Subirachs, and Carel Visser; through Aug. 27. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: Eighteenth- to twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by Thomas Eakins, Joseph Stella, Gaston Lachaise, and others; through Sept. 3. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Twentieth-century painters and sculptors, including Maurice Prendergast, Louis Bouché, and Robert Laurent; through Aug. 13. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by such artists as Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, and Stephen Etnier; through Friday, July 30. . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Mary Cassatt, Hovsep Pushman, and Albert P. Ryder are among the artists with paintings on view in a show called "Americans, Sung and Unsung;" through Aug. 31.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Three of the participants in a showing of small watercolors, drawings, and lithographs for the budgeted collector are Robert Motherwell, Larry Rivers, and Mario Schifano; through Sept. 10. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the present (John Singleton Copley to Hans Hofmann), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17. . . .

¶ Matisse, Brancusi, and Alfred Maurer are three of the artists represented in "Stieglitz and his Galleries," an exhibit paying tribute to Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946) and comprising prints, photographs, drawings, and a few sculptures; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Italian drawings (by Piranesi, Canaletto, and Raphael, for instance) from the collection of Janos Scholz; through Sept. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, drawings, and paintings by Alberto Giacometti; through Oct. 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"American Art from the Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Goldstone," namely, American paintings and drawings, plus American and European sculptures, by Edward Hopper, Lyonel Feininger, Jacques Lipchitz, and others; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, Walter Lippmann, Joseph Mitchell, and John Cheever. Also paintings, graphic art, sculptures, and architecture by Alexander Calder, Andrew Wyeth, Marcel Breuer, and others; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of master drawings, from Fra Bartolommeo to John Singer Sargent; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Stone sculptures from the state of Guerrero, Mexico; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—"The Twenties Revisited," an exhibit of paintings, graphics, sculptures, photographs, and memorabilia done in the twenties by, for example, John Held, Jr., Peter Blume, and Jo Davidson; through Sept. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 80th St.—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Renoir, Degas, van Gogh, and Picasso) assembled by the art dealer and collector Justin K. Thannhauser. Seventy-five of these Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and later works are a recent bequest to the Museum and are housed in new, nonsloping

galleries constructed for them. Through Oct. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Bible illustrations by Marc Chagall; through Sept. 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—A double exhibition, one of full-length watercolor portraits by the nineteenth-century folk artist Jacob Maentel, and the other of weathervanes and whirligigs; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the South Seas," a display of a hundred or so objects (in wood, stone, ivory, and jade) from Melanesia, Polynesia, Micronesia, and Australia; through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit commemorating the seven-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dante and containing rare editions and various translations of "The Divine Comedy" books with illustrations by Botticelli and William Blake, photographs, and the like; through Nov. 15. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"Young America 1965," a showing by a group of thirty painters and sculptors under thirty-five years of age, among them Mary Bauermeister, Jim Dine, and Robert Murray; through Aug. 29. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC FESTIVAL OF FRENCH AND AMERICAN MUSIC—Lukas Foss conducting the final performances of the season, with Duke Ellington conducting two of his own works and acting as narrator. (Philharmonic Hall, TR 4-2424. Friday, July 30, at 8:30, with Leonard Rose, cello; and Saturday, July 31, at 8:30, with André Watts, piano.)

LEWISOHN STADIUM CONCERTS—Final performances of the season by the Metropolitan Opera orchestra and chorus—Friday, July 30: Joseph Rosenstock directing a performance of "Tosca" in concert form, with Dorothy Kirsten, soprano; Richard Tucker, tenor; and Walter Cassel, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31: Franz Allers directing a program of show music, with Jeanette Scovotti and Anne Elgar, sopranos, and Frank Guarrera and Theodor Uppman, baritones. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 2: Fausto Cleva directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Lucine Amara, soprano; Rosalind Elias, mezzo-soprano; Richard Tucker, tenor; and John Macurdy, bass. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 4: Kurt Adler directing a program of excerpts from operas, with Beverly Bower and Mary Ellen Pracht, sopranos, and Calvin Marsh, baritone. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 6: Ignace Strassegger directing a performance of "Rigoletto" in concert form, with Roberta Peters, soprano; Mignon Dunn, mezzo-soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor; Cornell MacNeil, baritone; and John Macurdy, bass. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7: Henry Lewis directing an all-Gershwin concert, with Earl Wild, piano; Lavergne Monette, soprano; and William Warfield, bass. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Metropolitan Opera box office, Broadway at 40th St., PE 6-1210, and the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 13.) . . . ¶ Maurice Peress conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Robert Gerle, violin. (Saturday, July 31, at 8:30.)

CARL SCHURZ PARK CONCERTS—Richard Korn conducting the Orchestra of America in the first in a series of concerts, this one with Gabriel Banat, violin. (Thursday, Aug. 5, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be

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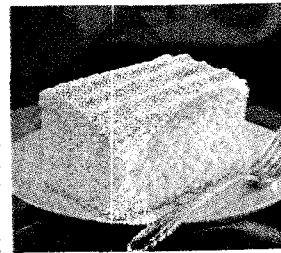
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You don't have to open your eyes to
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Just taste it. You'll see the difference.

Trust your own good taste to tell the difference



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

JAZZ CONCERTS—Thursday, July 29, at 8:30: Roy Eldridge's quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: Jaki Byard's quartet. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—The Boston Symphony—Friday, July 30, at 8: Charles Munch conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 1, at 2:30: Charles Munch conducting, with Nicole Henriot-Schweitzer, piano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6-7, at 8: Jean Martinon conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 8, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 22.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Folk and jazz concerts—Saturday, July 31, at 3:30: Josh White. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: Thelonious Monk. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, at 3:30: Miriam Makeba. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: Dave Brubeck's quartet. (Lenox, Mass.)

NOTE—JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL: Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 31: The Alba-Reyes Spanish Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 3-7: Maria Tallchief and Peter van Dyk, Al Huang and his company, and Myra Kinch. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinees Fridays and Saturdays at 3.) . . . **AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL:** Saturday, July 31, at 8:30: Ruth Currier and Erick Hawkins with their companies. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: Lucas Hoving (with Patricia Christopher and Chase Robinson) and Paul Draper. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Detroit, Thursday, July 29, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, July 30, at 8; Saturday, July 31, at about 2:45 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities, with a couple of innings or so involving Joe DiMaggio, Pee Wee Reese, Al Rosen, and other major-league players of past years, will start at about 1); and Sunday, Aug. 1, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Tuesday, Aug. 3, at 8; Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 2; and Thursday, Aug. 5, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, Aug. 6, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 7, at 2:15.

BOXING—Gabriel (Flash) Elorde vs. Frankie Narvaez, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, CO 5-6811, Wednesday, Aug. 4. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

GOLF—Thunderbird Classic Invitation Tournament. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Thursday through Sunday, July 29-Aug. 1.)

HORSE SHOW—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 7.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase. . . . **BETHPAGE POLO FIELD**, Farmingdale, L.I.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, July 31. . . . **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 2, from Monday, Aug. 2, through Saturday, Aug. 28. The Flash, Monday, Aug. 2; the Schuylerville, Wednesday, Aug. 4; the Test, Thursday, Aug. 5; and the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 7. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 7. The Sorority, Saturday, July 31, and the Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 7. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

SOCCER—International Soccer League Championship Playoffs. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Sunday, Aug. 1, at 3, and Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 8:30.)

TENNIS—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Through Sunday, Aug. 1.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8, from Thursday, July 29, through Monday, Sept. 27. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 23.

YACHTING—Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. Through Saturday, July 31.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 7:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

HOURS—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Exhibits open between 9 and 10, although waiting in line is permitted from 8:30. Some exhibits close at 10 P.M., some later. Most restaurants are open until midnight, and some until 2. For some reason, almost everyone leaves the Fair when it gets dark, and so, except perhaps on Saturday night, that is a good time to go, since there is no waiting at any of the exhibits. Of the exhibits where waiting is necessary when the Fair is crowded, only Johnson's Wax and I.B.M. are worth it.

ADMISSION—Adults \$2.50, children (2-12) \$1. Through August, admission for children accompanied by an adult will be twenty-five cents on Mondays and Fridays.

THE BELGIAN VILLAGE—More restaurants (many with outdoor tables) serving a wide variety of good food at better prices than in all the rest of the Fair. It is possible to go to the Rathskeller (open until 2 A.M.) without paying admission to the Village, which is \$1 for adults and fifty cents for children.

PAVILIONS—The Mexican Pavilion is one of the most beautiful at the Fair, and the exhibit of archeology and art has been enlarged and almost completely changed since last year. . . . ¶ Commendable restaurants can be found in the African, Danish, Mexican, Spanish, Swedish, Indian, and Festival of Gas pavilions. Slightly less commendable, but interesting and not very expensive, is the restaurant in the Pakistan Pavilion. The outdoor tables, which provide a good view of passers-by, are preferable to those inside. . . . ¶ It isn't necessary to pay the Fair admission to get into the Top of the Fair restaurant. If you can get waited on, or even shown to a table, within half an hour of your arrival, at least on Saturday night, there is food, drink, and dancing. . . . ¶ The exhibit of paintings at the Spanish Pavilion is different from last year's, and includes two large El Grecos, two new Goyas, and a vast painting by Dali called "The Apotheosis of the Dollar." . . . ¶ The New York State Pavilion is exciting to visit for any reason at all. . . . ¶ The twenty-minute Chrysler-Bil Baird puppet show has been rewritten so that it is more entertaining than it was. The star is still Carby Carbuter, who is said to be very popular with small children. Shows are virtually continuous and the theatre is constructed so that no waiting is necessary, a boon at this time of the year, when the Fair is most crowded. Free. . . . ¶ Those who like to dance to the music of Guy Lombardo may do so every evening except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30 at the Tiparillo bandstand; free. . . . ¶ Between 10 P.M. and 2 A.M., the Underground Home becomes an underground discotheque.

LAKE AREA—The Florida Citrus Commission sponsors a water-ski show in the Amphitheatre. The show is put on six times a day, at 1, 2:30, 4, 5:30, 8, and 10 P.M., and except for the master of ceremonies, who is unusually irritating, it is worth the price of admission. Free. . . . ¶ "The killer snakes are loose again in the African jungle," is part of the spiel for a small exhibit of exceedingly lethargic reptiles languishing in cages at the southern end of the Lake Area bridge; among them are a python and two rhinoceros iguanas. Admission twenty-five cents.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

CASANOVA '70—Marcello Mastroianni plays a womanizer who is suddenly faced with what is, for him, the supreme humiliation. A funny and appealing Italian comedy, expertly directed by Mario Monicelli and boasting lots of pretty girls in pretty settings. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

CAT BALLOU—This Western, which makes sport of Westerns, is much droller than you might expect. With Lee Marvin, Jane Fonda, and some other personable players, all of them in good form. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Aug. 3.)

THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE—The mores, sexual and otherwise, of Sicilian townsfolk get a light going over in this unpretentious Italian comedy. With Vittorio Gassman and Gino Cervi. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Aug. 3.)

GOLDFINGER—More nervy nonsense about James Bond, the fearless but thoroughly inept secret agent. Sean Connery is, as usual, splendid as Bond, and Gert Frobe is the rufous villain. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD—Christ in Cinerama, only not really Christ—only Cinerama. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees daily at 2. Extra performances Wednesday mornings at 9:30. Reserved seats only.)

HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE—Jack Lemmon, Virna Lisi, Terry-Thomas, and Eddie Mayehoff in an outrageous assault on matrimony, which will survive. Screenplay by George Axelrod, direction by Richard Quine. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through July 30.)

THE KNACK—Richard Lester, who directed "A Hard Day's Night," has made this adaptation of Ann Jellicoe's play into a comic binge. The time is spring, the theme is sex, the place is London. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

MARY POPPINS—This should have been called Mary Marzipan. With Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

MIRAGE—An old-fashioned suspense film, which takes itself seriously, so we can, too. Starring Gregory Peck, ably assisted by Walter Matthau and Diane Baker. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Aug. 4, tentative.)

MY FAIR LADY—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1706. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE—A marvellous Canadian movie, written and directed by Don Owen, about a charming boy determined to go bad. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Aug. 4.)

OPERATION CROSSBOW—We did win the Second World War, and this tells one of the reasons why. With George Peppard, Sophia Loren, Tom Courtenay, and many another brave soul. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Aug. 4.)

THE PAWNBROKER—Rod Steiger is magnificent in the title role of this grim and, at bottom, not very plausible movie. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

SHIP OF FOOLS—A superb melodrama in the good old "Grand Hotel" tradition, directed by Stanley Kramer and with a cast that includes Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Elizabeth Ashley, George Segal, Michael Dunn, Lee Marvin, and at least a dozen other excellent actors. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

36 HOURS—A winningly preposterous melodrama of the Second World War, starring James Garner, Eva Marie Saint, and Rod Taylor. George Seaton directed. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through July 30.)

French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 3.)

HEAVENS ABOVE! (1963)—The Church of England is the main target of this satire, produced and directed by the Boulting brothers and with Peter Sellers and Cecil Parker. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Aug. 3.)

THE ISLAND (1962)—Life on a farm circumscribed by the Inland Sea of Japan. Written and directed by Kaneto Shindo and photographed by Kiyoshi Kuroda. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 30.)

JULIUS CAESAR (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Aug. 3.)

THE LAVENDER HILL MOB (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 29.)

LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN (1964)—A multiple-episode Italian comedy, with Vittorio Gassman. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333; through Aug. 1.)

THE LOVE GAME (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French, as you might have expected. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 29.)

MAFIOSO (1964)—A glimpse into the working of the Honored Society, here and in Sicily. With Alberto Sordi. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 30-Aug. 2.)

THE NAKED NIGHT (1956)—Early Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and other members of the Bergman repertory group. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 3-4.)

ONE-EYED JACKS (1961)—Marlon Brando is both star and director of this Western. Karl Malden and Katy Jurado are in the supporting cast. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 31-Aug. 2.)

RICHARD III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle of the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Aug. 3.)

SECRETS OF WOMEN (1961)—A comic study of the horrors and rewards of married life, written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 1-2.)

TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 29.)

TORMENT (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; July 29.)

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd—Through July 31, showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evening at 8: "The Struggle" (1931), with Hal Skelly, the last film in a series called "D. W. Griffith: American Film Master."... Three programs in a series called "Stanley Kubrick: Five Recent Acquisitions." Aug. 1, at 3: "Spartacus" (1960), with Kirk Douglas and Laurence Olivier. Aug. 2-3, showings at 3 and 5:30: "The Killing" (1956), with Sterling Hayden and Coleen Gray. Starting Aug. 4, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Paths of Glory" (1957), with Kirk Douglas and Ralph Meeker. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)... GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle: Two programs in a series called "A Tribute to Hal Roach." Through July 31: "Our Relations" (1936), and "Leave 'em Laughing" (1928), both with Laurel and Hardy.... Aug. 3-4: Four Laurel and Hardy shorts plus a Harry Langdon short. (Showings at 3 and 5:15. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Gallery after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES—Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, Eric Sykes, and several others are very funny as the participants in an air race across the English Channel in the days when flying was still only a sport. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE TRAIN—Burt Lancaster, a good Frenchman, and Paul Scofield, a wicked Nazi, in a battle of wits over a trainload of precious paintings. A stirring melodrama, tautly directed by John Frankenheimer. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Aug. 3.... Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Aug. 4.)

WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?—This anthology of private jokes is annoying as often as it is entertaining, but some of the lines and the cinematic high jinks do pay off. Peter Sellers, Peter O'Toole, Woody Allen, and Romy Schneider frisk around in a Paris setting. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

ZORBA THE GREEK—A violent old man tries to teach a tame young one about life and doesn't succeed, but no matter. The old man is played by Anthony Quinn, the young one by Alan Bates, and the setting is the harshly beautiful island of Crete. Michael Cacoyannis directed. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

REVIVALS

À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 29.... Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 1.)

THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, derived from a story by James Thurber. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 31.)

BECKET (1964)—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in an adaptation of the Anouilh play. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 31-Aug. 2.)

CHAPLIN COMEDIES—"His Trysting Place," "Dough and Dynamite," "Caught in a Cabaret," and "His Prehistoric Past," all mementos from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 2.)

DR. NO (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Aug. 3.)

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE (1964)—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Aug. 3.)

GRAND ILLUSION (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Hallelujah Trail," Burt Lancaster, Lee Remick. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DE MILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
July 29: "Bambole!" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer.
From July 30: "And So to Bed," Hildegard Neff, Lilli Palmer.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Harlow," Carroll Baker.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
SHIP OF FOOLS.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 3: *THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE* (in Italian).
From Aug. 4: "China!", a documentary film.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
GOLDFINGER; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 3: "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.
From Aug. 4: *NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE*; and another feature, to be announced.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Aug. 3: *DR. NO*, revival; and *FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE*, revival.
From Aug. 4 (tentative): *MIRAGE*; and "Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Aug. 3: *THE TRAIN*.
From Aug. 4: "In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
SHIP OF FOOLS.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Harlow," Carroll Baker.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Harvey Middleman, Fireman," Gene Troobnick, Hermione Gingold.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE KNACK.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Bambole!" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
Through Aug. 1: "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.
From Aug. 2: "The Iperess File," Michael Caine.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through July 30: *HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE*; and 36 HOURS.
July 31-Aug. 2: *ONE-EYED JACKS*, revival; and *BECKET*, revival.
Aug. 3: *RICHARD III*, revival; and *JULIUS CAESAR*, revival.
From Aug. 4: "Sunset Boulevard," revival,

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Gloria Swanson, William Holden; and "Great Expectations," revival, Valerie Hobson, John Mills.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Aug. 3: *THE TRAIN*.
From Aug. 4: *OPERATION CROSSBOW*.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Aug. 2: "Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.
From Aug. 3: "Darling," Laurence Harvey, Dirk Bogarde.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 3: *DR. NO*, revival; and *FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE*, revival.
From Aug. 4 (tentative): *MIRAGE*; and "Charade," revival, Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Aug. 3: *DR. NO*, revival; and *FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE*, revival.
From Aug. 4: "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 3: "Marriage—Italian Style," Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni; and "Only One New York," revival, a documentary film.
From Aug. 4: "The Third Day," George Peppard, Elizabeth Ashley; and "Slave Trade in the World Today," revival, an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 3: *CAT BALLOU*.
From Aug. 4: "Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
July 29: *À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ* (in French), revival; *THE LOVE GAME* (in French), revival; and "Miracle in Milan" (in Italian), revival.
July 30-Aug. 2: *MAFIOSO* (in Italian), revival; and "Eclipse" (in Italian), revival, Alain Delon, Monica Vitti.
From Aug. 3: *GRAND ILLUSION* (in French), revival; "Ugetsu" (in Japanese), revival; and "The World of Apu" (in Bengali), revival.

WAYERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 3: "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.
From Aug. 4: *NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE*; and "Plisetskaya Dances," a Russian documentary film, with an English narration.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
July 29: *TORMENT* and "Port of Call" (both in Swedish and both revivals).
July 30-31: "Three Strange Loves" (in Swedish), revival; and "Illicit Interlude" (in Swedish), revival, May Britt.
Aug. 1-2: *SECRETS OF WOMEN* (in Swedish), re-

val; and "Monika" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson.

Aug. 3-4: *THE NAKED NIGHT* (in Swedish), revival; and "A Lesson in Love" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Aug. 3: *HEAVENS ABOVE*, revival; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.
From Aug. 4: "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni; and another feature, to be announced.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 3: *THE TRAIN*; and "Happy Anniversary," revival, David Niven, Mitzi Gaynor.
From Aug. 4: *OPERATION CROSSBOW*; and "Clarence, the Cross-Eyed Lion," Marshall Thompson, Betsy Drake.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Aug. 3: "White Voices" (in Italian), Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée; and "Red Desert" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.
From Aug. 4: "Male Hunt" (in French), Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Doulos—The Finger Man" (in French), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
THE PAWNBROKER.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MARY POPPINS.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Female Prince" (with Mandarin dialogue).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE PAWNBROKER.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"High Infidelity" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"China!", a documentary film.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Aug. 1: *LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN* (in Italian), revival; and "Women of the World," revival, a documentary film.
From Aug. 2, at 8:30: "Darling," Laurence Harvey, Dirk Bogarde. (Opening night by invitation only.)

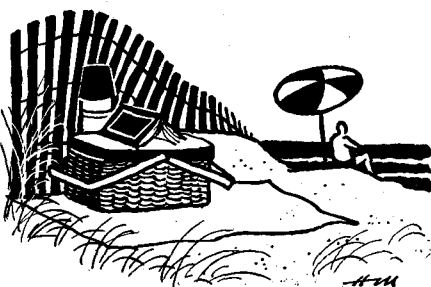
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9180)
"Before the Revolution" (in Italian).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 3: "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni; and "Only One New York," revival, a documentary film.
From Aug. 4: *THE TRAIN*; and "Happy Anniversary," revival, David Niven, Mitzi Gaynor.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 29: *THE LAVENDER HILL MOB*, revival; and *TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND*, revival.
July 30: *THE ISLAND* (a Japanese film, without dialogue), revival; and "Cleopatra from 5 to 7" (in French), revival, Corinne Marchand.
July 31: *THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES*, revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.
Aug. 1: *À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ* (in French), revival; and "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), revival, Horst Buchholz.
Aug. 2: *CHAPLIN COMEDIES* (silent); plus ten Disney cartoons.
Aug. 3: "Il Grido" (in Italian), revival, Steve Cochran, Alida Valli; and "Days of Our Years," revival, a French historical documentary, narrated in English by Pierre Fresnay and Romney Brent.
Aug. 4: "Don Quixote," revival, Feodor Chaliapin; and "Cyrano de Bergerac," José Ferrer, Mala Powers.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Aug. 3: "White Voices" (in Italian), Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée; and "Red Desert" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.
From Aug. 4: "Male Hunt" (in French), Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Doulos—The Finger Man" (in French), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo.



CANOE



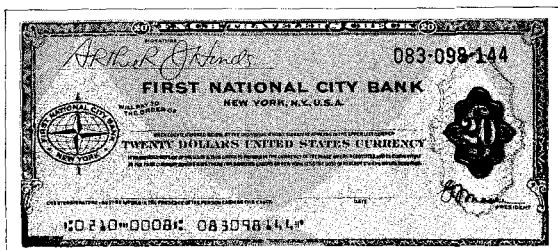
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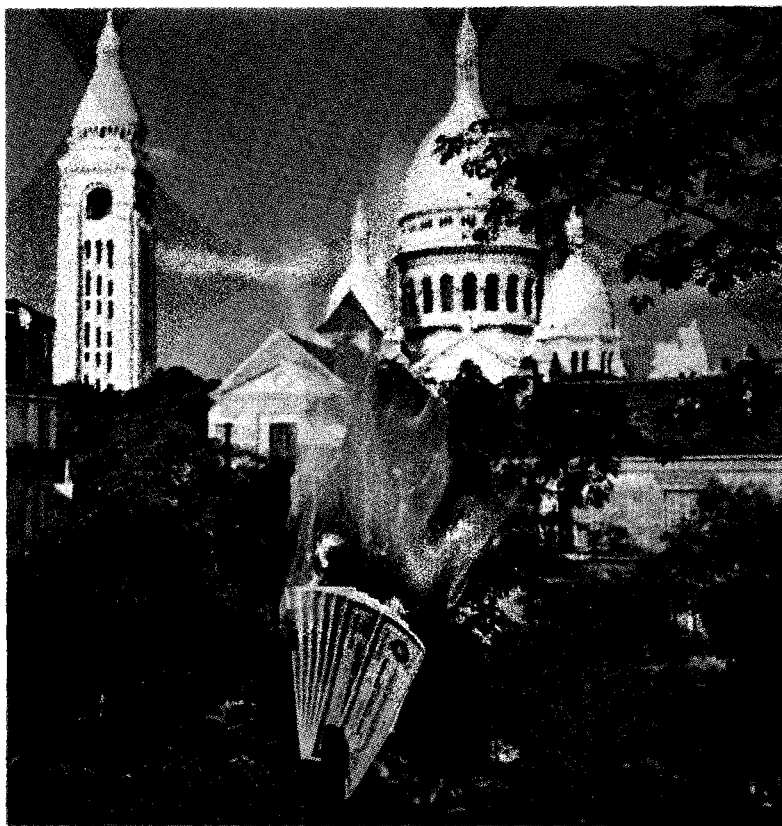
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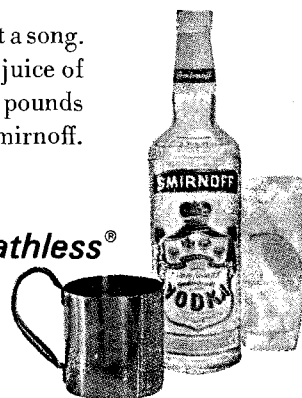


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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A RECENT news report reveals English to be so elastic a language that it has slouched into yet another dialect, called Indian English, some distinctive phrases and usages of which are, to choose the commonest, "What is your good name?," for "What's your name?"; "Don't blame my name," for "Don't blame me"; "I know him only personally," for "I know him by sight only"; "See me behind the class," for "See me after class"; "I'm not empty now," for "I'm busy"; "my cousin's mother," for "my aunt"; "Isn't it?," for a sort of verbal question mark, like the French "*N'est-ce pas?*" or the German "*Nicht wahr?*" (as in the sentence "Mr. Shastri is getting stronger, isn't it?");



"Why did you come here, simply?," apparently for either "Why did you come here for no particular reason?" or "We are asking for no particular reason, but why did you come here?"; and "My team can beat your team, as if," the "as if" for "that's what you think" (apparently either for throwing down the gauntlet or picking it up). All these are said to be literal translations of phrases in Hindi, and if they are, they do not deserve any more opprobrium than similar idiomatic usages by, say, the Pennsylvania Dutch. Indeed, we believe language should be adaptable, like that most delicate and ingenious of all garments, the Indian sari, a piece of cloth six yards long, more or less, that can be draped around big and small, fat and thin, old and young alike—and, as any Indian matron knows, no matter how ungainly the figure, the sari will disguise it. We

can't help adding one small reservation, however. It grows out of a picture we remember seeing some time back of a score of men holding up a mammoth sheet of plate glass—something that is as rare in the East as space suits still are in the West—over the caption "They are replacing a \$1,700, 25 by 10 foot window in the Pan Am Sales Office in London. It seems a Pakistani gentleman with ticket troubles came into the office to seek help from Pan Am. Upon realizing that the customer had a ticket issued by one carrier and passage back home on another, counter clerk Ray Evans told him he was in the wrong place and just where to go. 'Straight out and up Sackville Street, then turn right to Regent.' The gentleman took him literally and walked straight out. Not through the door but through the window." We will continue to be haunted by the injured foreigner. He is a reminder, if a reminder were needed, that if we must have plate-glass windows, they should be labelled as such, and, above all, that language must be more than crystal-clear.

Blimp Trip

ONE morning soon after New York City's reservoirs, for the first time in any July on record, had fallen below fifty per cent of their capacity, Armand D'Angelo, the Commissioner of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity, escorted Mayor Wagner and a group of newsmen, including us, on a ride in two twin-engine Goodyear blimps to inspect some of the reservoirs. We arrived at Flushing Airport at ten-thirty and were standing near the airport office, anticipating our blimp trip, when Commissioner D'Angelo turned up. He looked crisp and official in a dark suit, a white shirt, and a white-and-gray striped tie. "Each day it gets worse," he told us as Water Department and Goodyear functionaries spread some maps on the hood of a

white Chrysler. "New York is supplying water not only to its own eight million residents but also to a million and a half people in Westchester and Putnam Counties and to about two and a half million people who live elsewhere but come into the city every day. So far, we've been saving a hundred and seventy-five million gallons a day, but now we must begin saving two hundred million gallons a day. This week, we began diverting two hun-



dred million gallons a day from our dams in the western Catskills into the upper Delaware basin, at the order of the Delaware River Basin Commission, and that makes conservation measures even more important." He added that this would be his first blimp trip, and walked over to the white Chrysler and began looking at the maps.

Ten minutes later, Mayor Wagner arrived, looking refreshed after a brief vacation at Islip, which he had cut short in order to take the blimp ride. He and the Commissioner and four other people got into a station wagon and were driven toward the two airships, which were tethered to posts on the airfield. We followed in another station wagon, with four more members of the press and a representative of the Water Department. The Mayor, the Commissioner, and their four companions climbed into the gondola of the first blimp, the Mayflower, and we and our companions climbed into the gondola of the second, the Columbia, and settled into black leather seats. At eleven-thirty-five, the Mayflower took off, rising with a roar of its engines and guided by men who clung to its landing lines until it was airborne. It soared up-

ward at a forty-five-degree angle. A few minutes later, the Columbia rose, with a similar roar, and soon we were flying at an elevation of a thousand feet. The Mayflower, up ahead, looked like a small silver football floating through the sky.

Sailing north by northeast, the two airships crossed the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge and passed over the Hillview Reservoir, in Yonkers, which is a roughly rectangular body of water that receives water from all three of New York's water systems—the Croton, the Catskills, and the Delaware—and distributes it to the entire city. The Hillview was filled to the brim, but that was because it holds only a one-day supply for the city—a billion gallons—and must always be kept filled. By the time the blimps reached the Hudson, they were being buffeted by winds, so they descended to seven hundred feet. The river was an olive gray, and the trees along the sheer cliffs of the Palisades looked surprisingly green, considering the drought.

After passing above Ossining, the blimps headed back over land, and the western end of the New Croton Reservoir came into view. A long, narrow, salamander-shaped reservoir that can hold twenty-four billion gallons, it looked even narrower than usual, for it was at only twenty-nine per cent of its capacity. Around its edge, between the water and a tree-covered shoreline, were wide ochre-colored mud flats. Rocks and a section of an ancient retaining wall rose bleakly out of the drying mud. An old dam near the western end, which was built in 1842 and is normally submerged, was exposed enough for water to pour over its rim. Three dilapidated rowboats lay baking on a parched arm of the mud. The Muscote Dam, a white stone structure, also normally submerged, at the eastern end of the reservoir, rose high above the water level, creating a lake to the east whose water gushed through a spillway into irregular patches of shallow water to the west.

As the blimps turned toward Katonah, we opened a box lunch that had been provided for us, and got to work on a Cheddar-cheese sandwich and a dill pickle. (A passenger aboard the Mayflower told us later that Commissioner D'Angelo, who had sat next to the pilot with maps spread on his knees, had eaten only half a corned-beef sandwich, and Mayor Wagner had eaten nothing at all but had smoked continuously. The Mayor, we learned, had sat hunched forward in his seat, behind the pilot, looking out his window.)

It was now nearly one o'clock, and the blimps were moving southeast toward the Cross River Reservoir, a blot-shaped body of water that was down to nearly half of its capacity—ten and three-tenths billion gallons. The foundations of walls and houses that were built over a century ago and had not been seen for years protruded from wide reaches of mud lining the shores, and yellowish fingers of land stretched far into the water. Farther south, the Byran Lake Reservoir, a small reservoir that was once part of New York City's water system but now supplies Mount Kisco, was full. To its right was the large, rambling Kensico Reservoir, which flows into the Hillview and, like it, is always kept filled. The Mayflower preceded the Columbia toward Rye and back over the Sound, which was covered with haze.

By two-thirty, the blimps were hovering over Flushing Airport. Blimps can take an inordinately long time to land, but these two merely circled three times each and then came down. Debarking, we made our way to the perimeter of the airfield in time to hear Mayor Wagner say that although metering of water was being considered, both legal and practical questions stood in its way, and that reconstruction of the old pumping station at Chelsea to supply the city with purified water from the Hudson would take from six months to a year. "We don't want the people to be panicky, but we want their coöperation," he said, and was whisked away in a waiting limousine. Commissioner D'Angelo then announced that, without cost to the city, the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. would fly the two blimps above New York every night with lighted signs on their sides flashing cautionary messages like "Take Brief Showers Instead of Baths" and "Stop Running Hot Water on Dishes." He also said, "We want every citizen to save at least twenty-five gallons of water a day. We're distributing leaflets to show how it can be done. If voluntary measures don't work, we'll have to do something more drastic, but I hope that won't be necessary." He

headed for his car, and we went into the airport office with the idea of getting a drink of water. After a moment's thought, we asked for ginger ale.

CULLED from *Selected United States Government Publications*, which is issued by the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C.: "The Dangers of Nostalgia."

Powerhouse

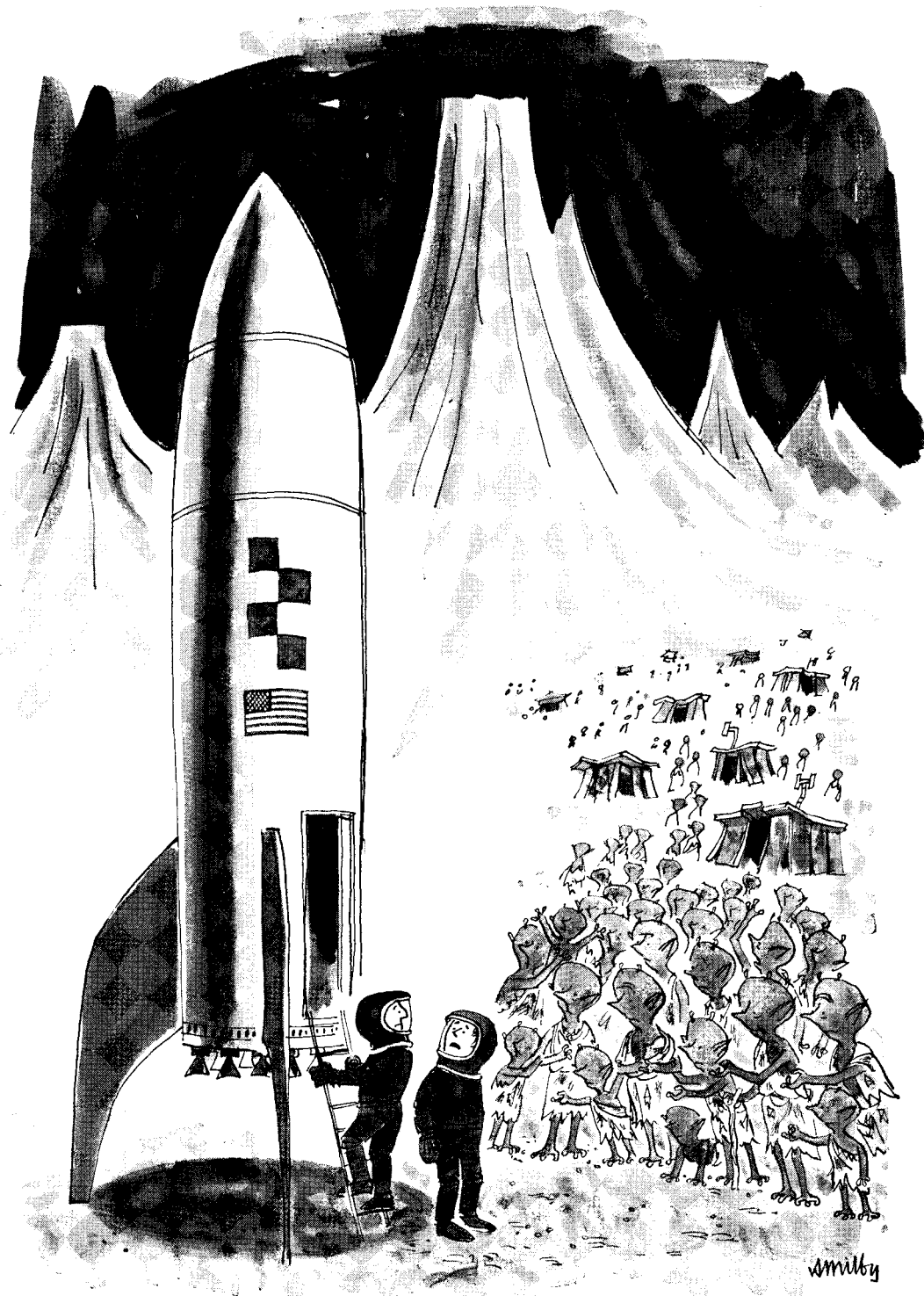
AS we were making our way one recent noontime through the "Young America 1965" show at the Whitney Museum of American Art, we came to a dazzled halt in front of a framed construction composed of several layers of clear Plexiglas to which optical-glass discs and domes of various sizes had been fused. Looking through the layers, we could see, distorted crazily by magnification and refraction, a number of graphs drawn in black ink on a white ground, and, here and there, cryptic scribbles in a curiously elongated, wavery handwriting. ("This is not this corner of this painting," it said in the upper-left-hand corner, and "This is corner of not this painting," it said in the lower right.) The slightest shift in our angle of vision caused kaleidoscopic changes in what we saw, and we discovered, by surreptitious twiddling, that one of the larger discs on the outside could be turned by hand, like a dial, creating still further complexities. Consulting our catalogue, we learned that the title of the work was "Homage to Marbert DuBreer," whoever that might be, and that the artist was Mary Bauermeister, who was born in Frankfurt, Germany, in 1934 and moved to this country in 1962, nine years after giving up mathematics and astronomy for painting. An adjacent work, also by Miss Bauermeister, was dominated by a large cluster of soda straws stuck endwise onto a canvas and clipped off at different lengths to form a honeycomb of spires and craters, around which swirled a galaxy of pebbles, some real and some painted. The compositions had a remarkably nebular, inchoate quality about them, and it occurred to us that if everything went just right, either one might easily come to life and start growing—a notion that was startlingly reinforced a moment later when we noticed that an air vent a few feet away in a corner of the room had apparently succeeded in reproducing itself on the wall and was in the process of doing so again. Looking



closer, we found that this duplication was pencilwork, and that the grid of the trompe-l'oeil air vent was composed of a now familiar handwriting, which read, "How to exclude mistakes by mirroring them. Dirt real + painting. Nice fresh air comes out of the slots. Sorry, I was wrong: bad air goes out through the slots. How to ex + include mistakes by mirroring them."

We went at once to a public telephone and called a friend on the Museum staff, and he explained that, as we suspected, Miss Bauermeister had done the pencilling. "She came in to see about the hanging of her works and was offended by this hole in the wall, which really did conflict with them, so she took out a pencil and sat down on the floor and went to work to make the hole fit in—to sort of camouflage it," our friend said. "John Gordon, our curator, was there with her, and she asked him what the hole was for and he told her ventilation, and she wrote that into the picture, and when he saw what she was writing he told her it wasn't for fresh air but for drawing off stale air, so she wrote that down, too. I don't know what we'll do with it when the show is over. We'll hate to lose it. You ought to see Bauermeister. She's a real powerhouse. She's with the Galeria Bonino, on West Fifty-seventh Street."

We put another dime in the telephone and called the Bonino, where an excited secretary told us that Miss Bauermeister was in the gallery at that very moment but was going to the airport later in the afternoon to fly to Germany for the summer, and, yes, Miss Bauermeister would be happy to have a quick lunch with us if we would hurry. In a matter of minutes, we were in the gallery, shaking hands with the artist—a lean, six-foot-tall Lorelei with slate-blue eyes, tawny hair hanging down front in braids, and a firm grip. She led us on a brief tour of the gallery, where half a dozen of her works were being shown—some of them glass-and-Plexiglas constructions (she calls them "lens boxes") and some of them soothing, almost therapeutic arrangements of



"I can see this costing us a little something in Foreign Aid."

countless flat, sea-washed pebbles stacked and glued in graduated tiers to a canvas—and asked us where we proposed to take her for lunch. We suggested a nearby Longchamps, and she agreed and started off at once. She set a lively pace, and her athletic stride, pointed up by a yellow-patterned shift and flowered white stockings, caused heads to turn in admiration along the way. We found a corner table in the restaurant and asked her to tell us about herself.

"My father is a professor of genet-

ics and anthropology in Cologne," she began. "My brother is a geneticist, and they wanted me to be a scientist, too, but I was always interested in painting. I painted to understand things. The first painting I remember doing was of infinity. My father was trying to explain it to me. I covered a sheet of paper with dots, and then put dots on top of dots, and finally painted them all out. My father said the last one was getting closer. I also tried to paint time—a kind of spiral."

Having ordered a large orange juice



"Look here, Soldier! It isn't for you and me to decide whether to get out of Vietnam."

for Miss Bauermeister and a vodka Martini for ourself, and settled on calf's liver sauté for lunch, we asked her who her early influences had been.

She plastered a hard roll with butter, took a hearty bite out of it, and chewed thoughtfully for a moment. "Heisenberg," she replied. "And Einstein, of course."

The drinks arrived. We had a sip of our Martini. "Who is Marbert Du-Breer?" we asked.

Miss Bauermeister laughed. "That's for Marcel Duchamp and Robert Breer," she said. "Duchamp was a revelation to me. When I saw some reproductions of his work in a book, I realized for the first time that I was not alone in the world. Like him, I was trying to create not new objects but new attitudes toward objects. Robert Breer is a contemporary I admire very much."

The liver came, and Miss Bauermeister attacked it briskly. We returned to the subject of her early training and asked if she had ever drawn from nature or from life.

She frowned. "My brother is a mar-

vellous draftsman—flowers, old buildings, trees—but I have never wanted to put down the outline of a thing, to make a *picture* of it," she said, dismissing with a shrug of her shoulders and a pulling down of the corners of her mouth the aspirations of other artists from the Lascaux caves on down. "If I see flowers I like, I go look at them. I study the architecture of old buildings. I go sit under trees. But when I paint, I paint the *idea* of things, my thoughts about things. And I am *autodidakt*—you say 'self-taught.' My father insisted I quit wasting my time with paint, so I ran away to Amsterdam when I was nineteen, and nearly starved to death for seven years. I sold my paintings from house to house to live; I could tell by the architecture who was likely to buy them. Then I began to have some success, and I went back to Cologne and made a studio, and people began to come to me. Soon I had a salon, in the French sense—artists, writers, composers, and all. Stockhausen is a friend of mine, and he came there. And John Cage gave his first performances in

Germany there. Then I was told I was to have a one-man show at the Stedelijk Museum, in Amsterdam—a great honor—in June of 1962, so I dropped everything and went to Sicily, to work. I found the pebbles on the shore there, and made use of them. The first glass discs, by the way, I had found in an antique store in Amsterdam. An oculist had died, and his widow was selling his lenses. I bought them all. When my show opened and I went to see it, the Stedelijk was also exhibiting some Americans—Robert Rauschenberg, Jasper Johns, Richard Stankiewicz—and as soon as I saw their work I knew I must come to America. I was here two months later, and made a studio first in Queens and later on Riverside Drive. And then I got sick. I was so happy with American techniques—epoxy glue, especially, which was exactly what I had been looking for—that I worked all day and all night, and slept with my paintings, and then, suddenly, I couldn't see, and my lungs and kidneys were in trouble, and I found I was suffering from industrial poisoning. I had a terrible allergy to epoxy. I was forced to rest for three months. I moved to the open air of New Jersey, near Montclair, and that was good for me, but I still have to have someone else do my gluing. I do ten or twelve big pieces a year, working on several of them at the same time. When I start a work, I don't have a visual result in mind. I only approximately know the means to take, and this, of course, affects the result from the beginning. I like to work from small to large and from light to dark, and I find repetition is wonderful for me. It empties the brain. If I use natural material, I arrange it in an artificial way, and if I use artificial material, I arrange it in a chaotic way, as nature does. If a 'mistake' occurs, I incorporate it in the work—I mirror it or reverse it or repeat it, and soon it is not a mistake."

Miss Bauermeister smiled brightly. Her plate was clean and it was time to go. As we hurried back toward Fifty-seventh Street, she said, "Each of my works is a diary of my thoughts, life, and feeling during the time I work on it, and that is why I work on many paintings at the same time—to get as much experience down as possible." At the corner of Fifth and Fifty-seventh, she gave us another firm handshake and quick smile, and said, "Take this down: I am interested in a pluralistic view of the world—not an Aristotelian, dualistic approach. Aristotle

said a thing is either this or that. Well, it can be something else. Aristotle had us going in the wrong direction for two thousand years. *Auf Wiedersehen!*"

A HIGH-SCHOOL rock-'n'-roll band in Barrington, Illinois, calls itself Mogen David and the Grapes of Wrath.

Fort

WE were strolling along a rocky beach on the Connecticut shore last weekend—it was a soft, calm Sunday morning, and no one else was around; the houses fronting on the water were silent—and suddenly we saw, under what appeared to be a pile of driftwood and seaweed, a couple of faces staring at us. We paused, the faces withdrew, and we waited. A moment later, the two faces peered out again, and then were joined by a third and a fourth. We said hello, the heads nodded, then disappeared, and presently five small boys emerged from behind and under the pile.

"Hi," they said.

"Hi," we said.

"You found our fort," said one, indicating the debris. "We made it look like a junk pile, so people won't see it and wreck it."

Another boy added, "We put on top of it everything that comes up on the beach and everything that people throw away from their houses."

"You don't look under it," said a third, "because it looks like junk."

"Peter Rogers walked by here yesterday," said one of the boys, pitching a stone into the water, "and he was practically on top of it, and he didn't even notice."

"We're the only ones we allow in," said the first boy. "Artie used to help us, but now he just sort of hangs around and watches, so we don't let him in."

We stepped over to the structure to examine it more closely. From a distance it blended well into the beach, but from close up we could see it quite clearly. It was about fifteen feet long, and three or four feet high at its highest point, and was built over a shallow trench of small rocks, with a thick and rambling canopy of vines, reeds, branches, grass, hedge clippings, ferns, kelp, rope, wild roses, and scraps

of paper; it was variously supported by a long two-by-four with white paint flaking off it, short sections of board of faded hues, a strip of red plastic, a large pink granite boulder, and sticks of bleached driftwood tied together with brown string.

"That end is very squishy," said one boy, pointing to a section near the boulder. "So we just use it for equipment." He reached down and pulled out a paper bag. "Do you want a cookie?"

We accepted a chocolate-chip Nabisco. The boy poked around in the paper bag. "We have Ritz crackers and an alarm clock," he said. "We used to have paper cups and napkins, but we used them up."

"We made tools, too," said another boy, showing us some driftwood sticks to the ends of which flat rocks had been bound with string. "These are hammers—or hatchets. They can be used as weapons or tools, whichever we need." He picked up another tool—a stick with a sharp chip of green glass from a 7-Up bottle tied to one end. "This is our grass cutter," he said.

On a grassy bluff above the beach, five bicycles were leaning against their kickstands or lying on their sides, and we noticed that a neat path of evenly spaced large, flat stepping stones led down from that area and across the rocky beach to the front of the fort. Here the path divided; a chain of stones led to each end of the fort, and a third

led around to the back of it. "We have the stepping stones to step on, so you won't have to step on the other stones," said one of the boys. Directly in front of the fort was a circle of small rocks; it was about two feet in diameter. "This is our fireplace," said the boy. "We melt things in it."

"I'm going to camp out here some night," said another. "I'm going to cook things, like baked beans."

"I smoked a reed there," said one of the boys, poking at some ashes in the fireplace. "I lit one end and sucked in lots of smoke. It tasted horrible."

"Then he started choking and coughing," added another.

"We had some gunpowder," said the first boy. "We got it out of firecrackers that didn't work, so we broke them open and poured the gunpowder on that stone there. Then we dropped a match into it."

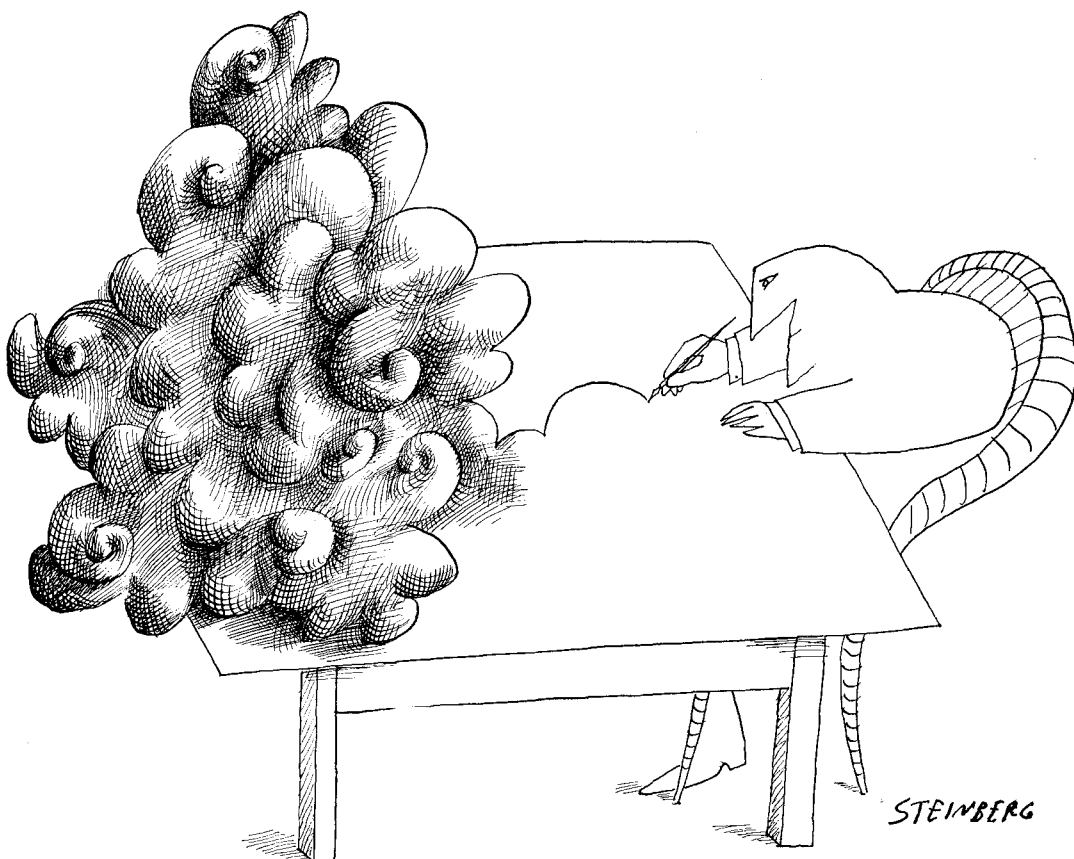
"What happened?" we asked.

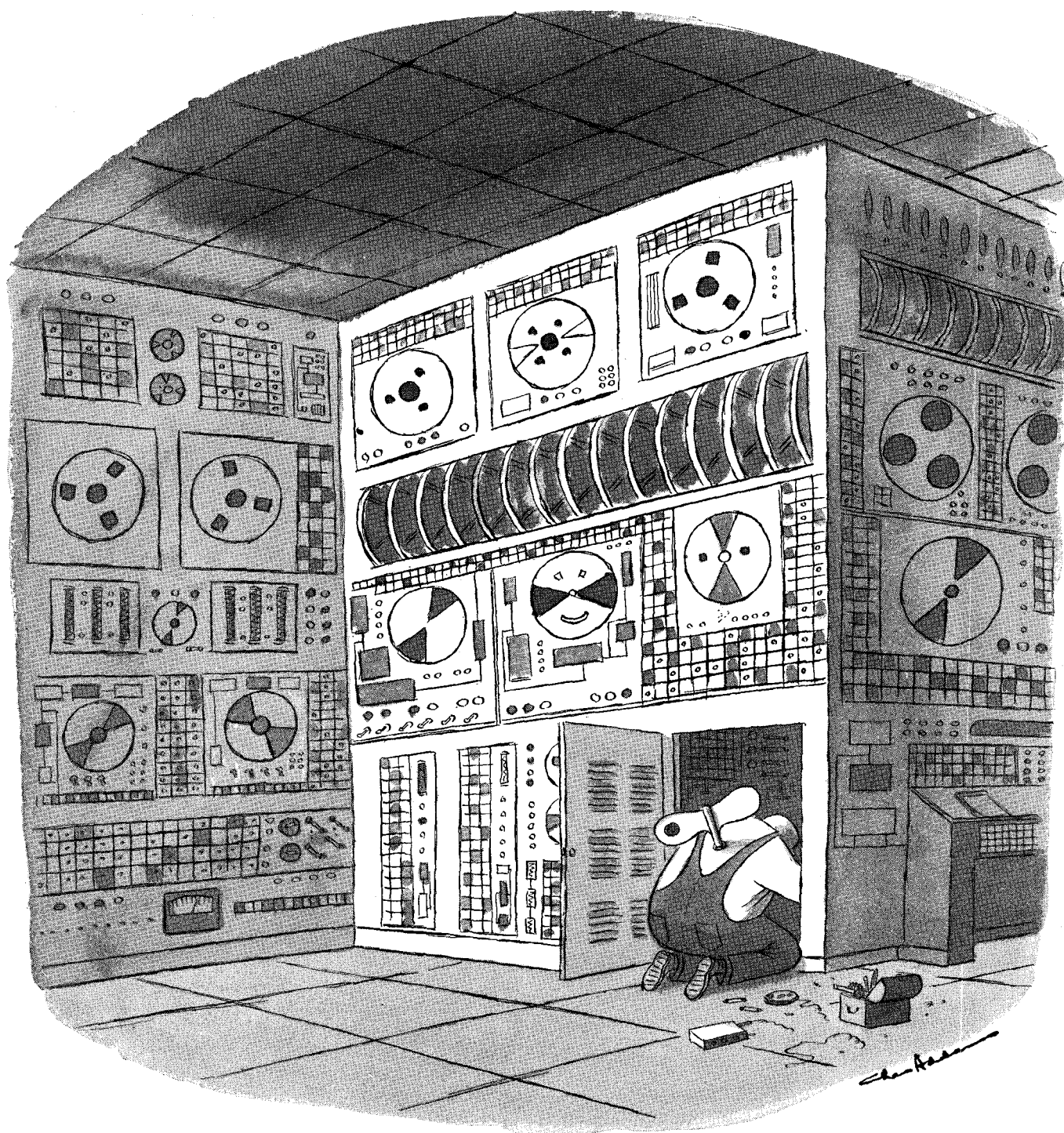
"Oh, the gunpowder fizzled and shot up a little," said the boy. "It didn't make any noise."

One of the boys started throwing rocks at a rusted section of pipe that lay half in and half out of the water. "We're making a breakwater over there," said another of the boys. "We're clearing away all the rocks from one place, so we can have a beach of our own. At low tide, it's all sand."

"You can wade there already," said another.

We asked about what appeared to





be a clearing in some tall reeds behind the fort. "That's our escape path," said one boy. "We use that for escape." He added, "But there's nothing to escape from."

One of the boys, who was dragging a section of wooden ladder toward the breakwater, pointed to a pile of seaweed and refuse twenty yards away. "You know what's in there?" he asked. "A weasel. We saw it yesterday. It stood up on its hind legs and looked around. I went toward it, and it ran into the tall grass."

Some of the boys began throwing large rocks into the shallow water, and they made a deep, hollow, satisfying

thump, accompanied by a good splash.

The boy with the ladder said, "We started out to make this a real fort to have games in, and play Army, but we never did. It's more fun to keep building."

"We're always building it," said another boy. "Or digging out stones under it, so there'll be more room."

"It's no fun when it's done," said the first boy, and he turned to face the water. "Everybody work on the breakwater!" he yelled suddenly, and he began jumping from rock to rock, dragging the ladder behind him.

The other boys hurried to the water's edge, and soon they were all heav-

ing rocks, with a great splashing and clattering, and yelling orders at each other. We took a last look at the fort and walked on down the empty beach.

Zone

AN Italian friend of ours recently wrote a letter to an American firm on the stationery of the Hotel Savoia Majestic, in Genoa. The reply was addressed as follows:

Mr. —,
Hotel Savoia Majestic,
120 Camere Tutte Con Bagno E Doccia,
Aria Condizionata,
Genova (Italia) Stazione Principe.

GAME

SHOTWELL keeps the jacks and the rubber ball in his attaché case and will not allow me to play with them. He plays with them, alone, sitting on the floor near the console hour after hour, chanting "Onesies, twosies, threesies, foursies" in a precise, well-modulated voice, not so loud as to be annoying, not so soft as to allow me to forget. I point out to Shotwell that two can derive more enjoyment from playing jacks than one, but he is not interested. I have asked repeatedly to be allowed to play by myself, but he simply shakes his head. "Why?" I ask. "They're mine," he says. And when he has finished, when he has sated himself, back they go into the attaché case.

It is unfair but there is nothing I can do about it. I ache to get my hands on them.

Shotwell and I watch the console. Shotwell and I live under the ground and watch the console. If certain events take place upon the console, we are to insert our keys in the appropriate locks and turn our keys. Shotwell has a key and I have a key. If we turn our keys simultaneously the bird flies—certain switches are activated and the bird flies. But the bird never flies. In one hundred thirty-three days the bird has not flown. Meanwhile Shotwell and I watch each other. We each wear a .45 and if Shotwell behaves strangely I am supposed to shoot him. If I behave strangely Shotwell is supposed to shoot me. We watch the console and think about shooting each other and think about the bird. Shotwell's behavior with the jacks is strange. Is it strange? I do not know. Perhaps he is merely a selfish bastard, perhaps his character is flawed, perhaps his childhood was twisted. I do not know.

Each of us wears a .45 and each of us is supposed to shoot the other if the other is behaving strangely. What is "strangely"? I do not know. In addition to the .45, I have a .38 that Shotwell does not know about concealed in my attaché case, and Shotwell has a .25-calibre Beretta that I do not know about strapped to his right calf. Sometimes instead of watching the console I pointedly watch Shotwell's .45, but this is simply a ruse, simply a maneuver. In reality I am watching his hand when it dangles in the vicinity of his right calf. If he decides I am behaving strangely he will shoot me not with the .45 but with the Beretta. Similarly Shotwell

pretends to watch my .45 but he is really watching my hand resting idly atop my attaché case, my hand resting idly atop my attaché case, my hand. My hand resting idly atop my attaché case.

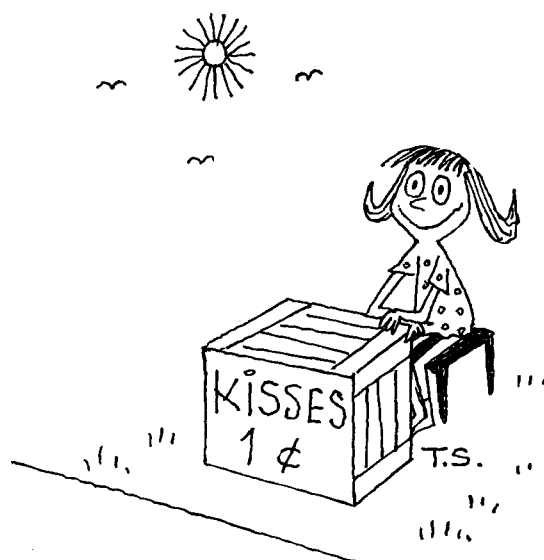
In the beginning I took care to behave normally. So did Shotwell. Our behavior was painfully normal. Norms of politeness, consideration, speech, and personal habits were scrupulously observed. But then it became apparent that an error had been made, that our relief was not going to appear. Owing to an oversight. Owing to an oversight we have been here for one hundred thirty-three days. When it became clear that an error had been made, that we were not to be relieved, the norms were relaxed. Definitions of normality were redrawn in the agreement of January 1st, called by us "The Agreement." Uniform regulations were relaxed, mealtimes no longer rigorously scheduled. We eat when we are hungry and sleep when we are tired. Considerations of rank and precedence were temporarily set aside—a handsome concession on the part of Shotwell, who is a captain, whereas I am a first lieutenant. One of us watches the console at all times rather than two of us watching the console at all times, except when we are both on our feet. One of us watches the console at all times and if the console becomes agitated then that one wakes the other and we turn our keys in the locks simultaneously and the bird flies. Our system involves a delay of perhaps twelve seconds but I do not care because I am not well, and Shotwell does not care because he is not himself. After the agreement was signed Shotwell produced the jacks and the rubber ball from his attaché case, and I began to write a series of descrip-

tions of forms occurring in nature, such as a shell, a leaf, a stone, an animal. On the walls.

Shotwell plays jacks and I write descriptions of natural forms on the walls. Aching to get my hands on them, the jacks.

SHOTWELL is enrolled in a U.S.A.F.I. course leading to a Master's degree in business administration from the University of Wisconsin (although we are not in Wisconsin; we are in Utah, Montana, or Idaho). When we went down it was in either Utah, Montana, or Idaho, I don't remember. We have been here for one hundred thirty-three days owing to an oversight. The pale-green reinforced concrete walls sweat and the air-conditioning zips on and off erratically and Shotwell reads "Introduction to Marketing," by Lassiter and Munk, making notes with a blue ball-point pen. Shotwell is not himself but I do not know it. He presents a calm aspect and reads "Introduction to Marketing" and makes his exemplary notes with a blue ball-point pen, meanwhile controlling the .38 in my attaché case with one-third of his attention. I am not well.

We have been here one hundred thirty-three days owing to an oversight. Although now we are not sure what is oversight, what is plan. Perhaps the plan is for us to stay here permanently, or if not permanently at least for a year, for three hundred sixty-five days. Or if not for a year for some number of days known to them and not known to us, such as two hundred days. Or perhaps they are observing our behavior in some way—sensors of some kind. Perhaps our behavior determines the number of days. It may be that they are pleased with us, with our behavior, not in every detail but in sum. Perhaps the whole thing is very successful, perhaps the whole thing is an experiment and the experiment is very successful. I do not know. Or perhaps the only way they can persuade sun-loving creatures into their pale-greensweating reinforced concrete rooms under the ground is to say that the system is twelve hours on, twelve hours off. And then lock us below for some number of days known to them and not known to us. Perhaps, perhaps. We eat well, although the frozen enchiladas are damp when defrosted and the frozen devil's food cake is sour and untasty. We sleep uneasily and acrimoniously. I hear Shotwell shouting in his sleep—objecting, denouncing, cursing



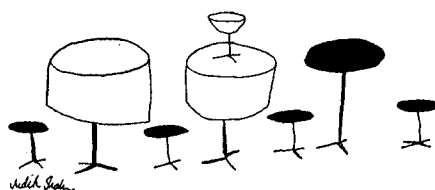
sometimes, weeping sometimes, in his sleep. When Shotwell sleeps I try to pick the lock on his attaché case, so as to get at the jacks. Thus far I have been unsuccessful. Nor has Shotwell been successful in picking the lock on my attaché case so as to get at the .38. I have seen the marks on the shiny surface. I laughed, in the latrine, pale-green walls sweating and the air-conditioning whispering, in the latrine. I ache to get my hands on them. The jacks.

I write descriptions of natural forms on the walls, scratching them on the tile surface with a diamond. The diamond is a two-and-one-half-carat solitaire I had in my attaché case when we went down. It was for Lucy. The south wall of the room containing the console is already covered. I have described a shell, a leaf, a stone, animals, a baseball bat. I am aware that the baseball bat is not a natural form. Yet I described it. "The baseball bat," I said, "is typically made of wood. It is typically one metre in length or a little longer, fat at one end, tapering to afford a comfortable grip at the other. The end with the handhold typically offers a slight rim, or lip, at the nether extremity, to prevent slippage." My description of the baseball bat ran to forty-five hundred words, all scratched with a diamond on the south wall. Does Shotwell read what I have written? I do not know. I am aware that Shotwell regards my writing-behavior as a little strange. Yet it is no stranger than his jacks-behavior, or than the day he appeared in black bathing trunks with the .25-calibre Beretta strapped to his right calf and stood over the console, trying to span with his two arms outstretched the distance between the locks. He could not do it, I had already tried, standing over the console with my two arms outstretched—the distance is too great. I was moved to comment but did not comment. Comment would have provoked counter-comment, comment would have led God knows where. They had in their infinite patience, in their infinite foresight, in their infinite wisdom already imagined a man standing over the console with his two arms outstretched, trying to span with his two arms outstretched the distance between the locks. Perhaps.

SHOTWELL is not himself. He has made certain overtures. The burden of his message is not clear. It has something to do with the keys, with the locks. Shotwell is strange. He appears to be less affected by our situation than I. He goes about his business

stolidly, watching the console, studying "Introduction to Marketing," bouncing his rubber ball on the floor in a steady, rhythmical, conscientious manner. He appears to be less affected by our situation than I. He is stolid. He says nothing. But he has made certain overtures, certain overtures have been made. I am not sure that I understand them. They have something to do with the keys, with the locks. Shotwell has something in mind. Stolidly he shucks the shiny silver paper from the frozen enchiladas, stolidly he stuffs them into the electric oven. But he has something in mind. But there must be a *quid pro quo*. I insist on a *quid pro quo*. I have something in mind.

I am not well. I do not know our target. They do not tell us for which city the bird is targeted. I do not know. That is planning. That is not my responsibility. My responsibility is to watch the console and when certain



BATHTUBS

Scoops in the sea rock full of natural water,
used petrol drums, old oaken buckets oversized,
glossy ceramics, thermal springs, potholes—

anything serves: the Soochow tub, majestic,
fed with hot pitchers, the Scythian, steamed in mist
of hemp, the social clusters of the Japanese.

Have cargoes: Thoughtful omphalopsychite,
the athlete's sluice of sweat, the foreman's Saturday night.
A siren leers through the conniving foam,

advertising come-hither or soaps for sale.
Kings come to it or, in the Mycenaean
asamintys, Homer's heroes scrubbed by queens.

I had for boat once an old brown tin bathtub
tabbed with twin ears for soap and plugged with a cork,
and sailed on a small pond until it drowned.

The Three of Gotham used, I think, a bathtub.
Poppaea brimmed her tub with donkey's milk.
Lady Godiva mistook one for a horse.

My dreamboats sail by night such perilous seas.
In the middle of the salon and the dressed people,
I, in my bathtub, dreading I may be noticed.

Better I like, above the dwindling earth,
to fly my hip-winged old flat-bottomed bathtub
through slippery space, and past the floating stars.

—RICHMOND LATTIMORE

events take place upon the console, to turn my key in the lock. Shotwell bounces the rubber ball on the floor in a steady, stolid, rhythmical manner. I am aching to get my hands on the ball, on the jacks. We have been here one hundred thirty-three days owing to an oversight. I write on the walls. Shotwell chants "Onesies, twosies, threesies, foursies" in a precise, well-modulated voice. Now he cups the jacks and the rubber ball in his hands and rattles them suggestively. I do not know for which city the bird is targeted. Shotwell is not himself.

Sometimes I cannot sleep. Sometimes Shotwell cannot sleep. Sometimes when Shotwell cradles me in his arms and rocks me to sleep, singing Brahms' "Guten Abend, gut' Nacht," or when I cradle Shotwell in my arms and rock him to sleep, singing, I understand what it is Shotwell wishes me to do. At such moments we are very close. But only if he will give me the jacks. That is fair. There is something he wants me to do with my key while he does something with his key. But only if he will give me my turn. That is fair. I am not well.

—DONALD BARTHELME



"By George! Most dedicated bird watcher I've ever known!"

THE GOLD IN THE SEA

THE Regina Coeli was the last boat to pull away from the harbor that evening. She was a twenty-footer of graceless proportions, without sails, and with two sets of oars. I would have preferred to go in one of the bigger boats, with engines and a full-time crew, but the hotel barman told me they did not welcome passengers.

"Con's your man," he said. "What he catches won't glut the market. But he has travelled a bit, and himself and Philly and Lispy are a comical trio. Aye," he added, smiling at some memory, "even if you don't catch much, it's an education being out with Con."

We were to have set out at eight, at the turn of the tide, but between one thing and another—each of the four of us stood a round of drinks, and then I called a fifth, because they had been so agreeable about taking me salmon fishing with them—it was almost nine before we climbed aboard. The July sun had withered and the Donegal hills were a sullen purple, but the whiskey drew us together, making us feel intimate and purposeful.

"By God, sirs, you'll get more fish tonight than you ever dreamed of!" said Con. "Nothing like a choppy sea to make them jump." He reclined in the stern, an elbow on the tiller, bald and garrulous as Odysseus. He was quick with energy, for all his seventy-two years. I sat in the bow, facing him. Between us were Philly and Lispy, each taut on their oars. They were young men in their thirties.

We had become acquainted in the bar of the hotel where I was spending my two weeks' holiday. There had been no diffidence between myself and the locals, because the appearance of the salmon in the bay two days previously created a happy urgency that made everyone in Ballybeg partners. After breakfast that morning I had watched the boats return from their first night out, gun-wales low in the water, the fishermen ponderous and slow-moving, as if they had risen, sated, from a huge meal. The tiny pier was crammed

with vehicles—trucks, tractors pulling trailers, battered vans—and as soon as a catch was weighed and loaded onto a lorry the driver planted his elbow on the horn, stuck his head out of the window, and cleared a lane for himself with his oaths. The distraught official who supervised the noisy weighing had a moonface that was on the point of tears. "Gentlemen, *please!*" he kept whimpering. Young boys on their way to school peered down into the half-deckers and saw five-, ten-, and twenty-pound salmon that would be ten-, twenty-, and forty-pound salmon when their friends from the far side of the mountain heard about them. The vehicles scraped one another. Tires skidded on the wet, cobbled pier. Only the conquering fishermen were calm and aloof. In twos and threes, they came up the steep road to the village with the walk of kings.

Philly was Con's nephew. They lived in different cottages on a jointly owned five-acre farm. Con was a

bachelor ("But if I had a penny for every woman I handled, by God, sirs, I'd be a millionaire!"), and his nephew, he told the bar with unnecessary gusto, was the father of seven daughters. "But he'll sire a son yet, never worry!" Lispy, I learned, lived with two maiden aunts who doted on him, but not to the extent of allowing him to bring a bride into the house. He was a shy man, whose quietness suggested depth and whose speech gave no explanation for his nickname. Perhaps he inherited it. When Lispy had gone to the toilet, Con told me that Lispy got mad drunk once a year, on St. Patrick's Day, when he chased the two screaming aunts out of the house and over the stunted fields. "Just to assert his rights," Con concluded. "A saint when sober, but inclined to be sporty on that one occasion." All three men were full-time farmers and part-time fishermen, and by any standards they were very poor.

Two miles out from the harbor, free from the shelter of the headland, we were struck by a brisk Atlantic wind.

We were now part of an impenetrable blackness.

"At this very moment, friend," Con proclaimed, "you're sitting on top of more gold than there is in the vaults of Fort Knox."

"We'll get our share," I said, thinking he was referring to the salmon, which he had described earlier as being so plentiful that you could dance a reel on their backs and not wet a toe.

"Real gold!" he said. "At this very spot, on an August morning in 1917, the Bonipart was sunk by a German submarine on her way from England to the U.S.A. Fifty fathoms straight below us. A cargo of bullion."

"Boniface," corrected Philly.

"There's no smoke without fire," said Lispy. He had a weakness, I discovered, for proverbs that apparently had relevance only to private thoughts of his own.

"She was slipping down along the coast,"



"All this talk about imported or domestic wine! The only proper wine for a White House dinner is no wine!"

Con went on, "when the Huns caught up with her here. By God, sirs, you've got to hand it to them Germans!"

"Was it never recovered?" I asked.

"Boniface," repeated Philly doggedly. "He always gets the name wrong."

"Two shells done it," said Con. "One in the bows that made her rise up like a stallion, and then one midships. She went down like a knife."

"And you don't know for sure what she was carrying. No one knows that," said Philly.

"Just two shells," said Con, "and—bang!—*requiescat* the Bonipart."

"Boniface," said Philly, but without heart.

"Enough gold to develop all the underdeveloped countries of the world, including Alaska."

"The last straw broke the camel's back," said Lispy mildly.

"Right below our feet. By God, sirs, it's a wonderful thought, too, isn't it? It's there and it's safe and no one has laid a finger on it. Happy as an old lark."

While the whiskey was still active in me, I made a few confident calculations. Assuming we caught a hundred fish (this was modest; that morning the St. Brendan had waddled into port with three hundred), averaging ten pounds per fish, our night's work, at the current wholesale price of eight shillings and sixpence per pound, would earn us four hundred and twenty-five pounds. I did the calculation again, because this seemed a lot of money, but I got the same result. Then, as one does when easy wealth presents itself, I built myself a chalet above Ballybeg, bought a boat, hired a crew, set up a canning factory and an export business, and was getting down to the details of an advertising campaign when the ghostly hulk of a long powerboat suddenly rose out of the water beside me, towered over me for a second, and vanished, thrumming in the blackness. I was instantly sober and cold.

"By the look of them, that was the McGurk brothers," said Con casually. "Damned near rammed us, didn't they?"



"The question, gentlemen, is whether the market is making us jittery or vice versa."

"Why haven't they a light?" I almost shouted.

"A light!" said Philly, with contempt. "And have the patrol boat down on them for fishing without a license? Are you mad?"

"Why don't they take out a license?" I demanded.

"Costs money," said Philly flatly.

"A stitch in time saves nine," said Lispy.

"You mean to say," I went on, "that for all we know there may be dozens of boats all around us, not one with a light? And all of them poaching?"

"Not dozens," said Philly. "Maybe three or four."

"And what happens if they get caught—if they don't drown us and themselves first?"

"Boat's confiscated. Gear's confiscated. Up to six months in jail."

"Too good for them!" I shouted. "It's a disgrace having—"

"By my reckoning, sirs," Con broke in, "we're near the Stags, and it's about

time we shot the net. You can argue to your hearts' content when we're drifting. Ship the oars, sirs, and let's get the net out."

I heard him fasten the tiller with a line and the handles of the oars spear toward me. I reached out to catch them, and then it dawned on me for the first time that we had no light, either.

I HAD examined the net earlier in the day. It was two miles long, four feet deep, made of nylon, and manufactured in Japan. It was designed to float about twelve inches below the surface. Con had explained that these Japanese nets were new to the Irish market, and that they were so transparent the fish couldn't even see them in the daytime. I asked him if this meant that salmon fishing could now be done in the daytime, at which he laughed scornfully and replied that sure God and the world knew that you fished salmon only at night. I left it at that.

Now, while the boat drifted, the net

was fed out from the stern. The job took the best part of an hour. The blackness was so dense that the three fishermen had identity only by their voices. Con, I gauged, was on the middle bench, issuing instructions, and Philly and Lippy were throwing out the net. They talked incessantly.

"Hurry up, sirs! It'll be dawn before you know."

"Shut up!"

"The best salmon in the world are got in Peru."

"How would you know?"

"I seen me in my day grilling a seventeen-pounder over an open fire near the town of Pisco, if you ever heard of it."

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"Come on, sirs! The seven daughters and the two aunts will think you've emigrated."

"For a man with such a big mouth, how is it you never got a thump across it during your famous travels?"

"We'll fill the boat tonight, sirs. I'll settle for nothing short of a boatload."

"Look before you leap."

"Gold, sirs. Cast out the net and bring in the gold."

"Fit you better to talk less and work more."

"This will be a lovely catch. And I've seen apples in Oregon that were as big as a bishop's head. And I seen oranges in São Paulo that two men, eating steady, couldn't get through in a week."

"You and your stories. There's nothing as hateful as an old man that never stops talking."

"Faraway hills look green."

"This is the work'll put muscles on your backs, sirs. A season of this, Philly boy, and you'll father half a dozen sons."

"A blathering old woman! Hateful!"

"There's no smoke without fire. Oh, God, no—no smoke at all."

When the net was all out, its end was secured to the stern. Then the three men moved back to their first positions and the long, long wait began. For the next hour, no one spoke, not even Con. Despite the sound of wind and sea and the rheumy groans of the Regina Coeli, we seemed to be encased in silence. The elements made their blustering noises above and beyond, but in and around our floating arena there was a curious stillness. In the drifting blackness of the night, I could hear Philly's deep, regular breathing and the coins rattle in Con's trousers every time he searched for matches

AN EPITHALAMIUM FOR PETER MUDFORD & RITA AUDEN

(MAY 15TH, 1965)

All folk tales mean by ending
with a State Marriage,
feast and fireworks, we wish you,
Peter and Rita,
two idiosyncrasies
who opt in this hawthorn month
to common your lives,

a diffy undertaking,
for to us whose dreams
are odorless, what is real
seems a bit smelly:
strong nerves are an advantage;
an accurate wrist-watch, too,
can be a great help.

May Venus, to whose caprice
all blood must buxom,
take such a shine to you both
that, by her gifting,
your palpable substances
may re-ify those delights
they are purveyed for;

cool Hymen from Jealousy's
teratoid phantasms,
sulks, competitive headaches,
and Pride's monologue
that won't listen but demands
tautological echoes,
ever refrain you.

As genders, married or not,
who share with all flesh
a left-handed twist, your choice
reminds us to thank
Mrs. Nature for doing
(our ugly looks are our own)
the handsome by us:

we are better built to last
than tigers, our skins
don't leak like the ciliates,
our ears can detect
quarter tones, even our most
myopic have good enough
vision for courtship,

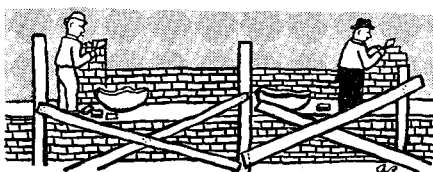
and how uncanny it is
we're here to say so,
that Life should have got to us
up through the City's
destruction layers after
surviving the inhuman
Permian purges.

Wherefore, as Mudfords, Audens,
Seth-Smiths, Bonnerjees,
with civic spear and distaff
we hail a gangrel
Paleocene pseudo-rat,
the Ur-Papa of princes
and crossing-sweepers:

as Adams, Eves, commanded
to nonesuch being,
answer the One by Whom all
enantiomorphs
are superimposable,
yet Who knows each particle
by its holy name.

—W. H. AUDEN

to light his pipe. It was a strange sensation, floating in blackness across an unknown sea, with men one couldn't see but whose intimate movements one could hear distinctly. And as time crept by, my senses sharpened and became responsive to a shift in the direction of the boat, to the slightest movement of a body, almost to the very presence of the fish beneath us. It was a strange, thrilling perceptivity, like playing blind-man's buff for the first time as a child.



I wondered if the others experienced it, and as soon as this thought occurred to me I found myself going absolutely still, opening my mouth so that even my breathing would not be audible, speculating with absurd cunning that my thinking might be somehow perceptible.

Con's booming voice smashed the secrecy, and the noise of the wind and the seas crashed in. "It was in the winter of 1918," he said, "and I was knocking about in the region of a town called Fort Good Hope on the Mackenzie River, if you ever heard of it."

"I did not," said Philly curtly.

"And there was no work, and the whole damned place was under sixteen foot of snow, and there was a famine



in my belly and not a cent in my pocket."

"Oh-ho, oh-ho," said Lispy mildly.

"So bloody bad was that winter, sirs, that the wolves came down from the hills, down into the very streets of Fort Good Hope, and ate all before them."

"Pity they missed you—if you were there at all."

"Anyhow, to cut a long story short, the townsfolk held a meeting, and it was agreed that they would pay a dollar out of the public funds for every wolf's head that was brought into McFeterson's trading station. And a dollar in them days was something, sirs. You wouldn't light your pipe with a dollar

in them days." He waited for a comment. None came. "So, off I went into the hills with a Winchester—"

"Through sixteen foot of snow!" said Philly.

"—shot two dozen wolves, cut the heads off them, and carried them back to Good Hope."

"Will you listen to the man!"

"Still waters run deep."

"Presented my load to old Robbie McFeterson and said, 'Twenty-four dollars, Robbie, please.' Robbie counted the heads and gave me my money. And then says he, 'Here, sonny boy, take them heads out to the back and bury them.' And that's what I done.

Buried them in the snow behind the trading station, and then went back in and bought food and whiskey and had a hell of a week to myself. But when the week was up, I was broke again and hungry again, and my tongue was out a mile for a drink. So what did I do, friend?"

"You loaded the Winchester, Con," I said.

"I went down that Sunday night to the plot behind the trading station and dug up them heads and the next morning presented them to Robbie! That's what I done! And he paid me—twenty-four dollars! And I done the same thing the following Monday and the

following Monday and the following—"

"Damned things would have been rotten after four days!" Philly said.

"In twenty foot of snow, man? Fresh as a daisy! And old Robbie never suspected a thing. As straight a man as ever drew breath."

"A man who never told a lie," Philly said bitterly.

"By God, sirs, you've got to hand it to them Canadians!"

ABOUT two in the morning, we had cold tea and huge hunks of homemade bread. The tea tasted of disinfectant, and I furtively emptied mine over the side. I chewed mouthfuls of the bread until it became a thick, dry paste in my mouth, and then I tried to swallow it in a piece, without tasting it, the way one swallows medicine. When I had got through my ration, Lispy in-

sisted I share his—"The old aunts aren't too bad at the soda bread"—and I took two more slices. One I ate with effort. The other I dropped into the sea, and then wondered if it might not get caught in the net and be hauled back into the boat later.

After we had eaten, Con resumed his tales of his travels. Philly must have dozed, because his uncle held forth without interruption. Lispy threw in an occasional proverb, perhaps to show that he was awake and listening. I was cold and tired and eager for the night to end. My dreams of a salmon industry had lost some of their sparkle.

It was still pitch black when they began to haul the net. It was then about 4 A.M., and the darkness was as dense as ever, but one felt that it had lost its terrible permanence; a change was imminent. The blackness would soon be fragmented. When they began

to haul the net—Philly and Lispy again doing the donkey work, Con instructing and encouraging, and me mumbling an occasional commendation just to establish my participation—we rediscovered the purpose and intimacy that had animated us when we had set out. We knew again that out of the black, invisible waters we were about to draw in a wee fortune in fish. It was a lovely feeling.

"She's a grand boat, this," Lispy said to me with sudden friendliness. "And her name is Regina Coeli. That's Latin, and it means 'Star of the Sea.'"

They were still hauling when the sky and sea became distinct. The sky was a fuzz of mist that ringed our craft at a discreet distance. The last fifty yards of net had still to be pulled in when the sky suddenly broke into black and orange and gray streaks. I could see Con's bald head glistening with salt water, and Philly's and Lispy's yellow waterproofs billowing like sails in the morning breeze. Now all the net was lifted. The young men straightened up and waited to get their breath back, and Con released the fish from the mesh. His broad shoulders concealed his movements. I could not see how many we had landed.

"Well?" said Philly.

"Salmon caught in the net, friend, is never as good to eat as salmon caught with a fishing line," said Con. "And I'll tell you why. When they get caught in the net, they can't breathe and their lungs burst, and unless you gut them and pack them right off, they go bad very quick."

"How many's in it?" said Philly impatiently.

"But if you catch a fish with a rod and line," Con went on, "you kill him before his lungs burst, and he's a better fish to eat—far better."

"I asked you—how many are there?"

Con straightened and grimaced up at the sky. "Six," he said flatly. "There's six in it. Six small ones."

"Oh-ho, oh-ho," said Lispy.

Philly spat out a curse. There was a long silence.

"Right, sirs!" Con announced suddenly in a new, vigorous voice. "Back to the oars, and home to the daughters and the aunts. There'll be another day. Oh, by God, there'll be another day!"

He moved back to the stern, and Philly and Lispy took up their oars, and we headed for home, taking our direction from a cold, gray sky. Six small fish, I calculated, would fetch about fifteen pounds—five pounds for each of the three men. Then I remembered



"Don't knock yourself out. I've lost my smile checks."

Con telling me that the Japanese net cost eighty pounds, more than half of which had still to be paid. He said it could be lost in a storm or destroyed by seals before it had been paid off. To balance my rising sympathy, I told myself that they were not, after all, real fishermen but poachers, that they had no right to fish and so could not be disappointed with their catch. But it was no time for assessments. The sky had grown brilliant and the headland was strong and permanent ahead of us. The night was a failure. I was wet and hungry and miserable.

"At this very moment, friend," Con proclaimed suddenly, "you're sitting on top of more gold than there is in the vaults of Fort Knox."

"You were telling me about that," I said coldly.

"A cargo of bullion. Heading for the States."

"Tell him about the salvage ship," said Philly.

"None of us knows what it got—if it got anything," replied Con sharply.

"Tell him all the same."

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," said Lispy.

"What's this about a salvage ship?" I asked.

"Five years ago," said Con, addressing me but watching Philly and Lispy with his sailor's eyes, "on a clear spring morning, a Dutch salvage vessel dropped anchor at this very spot and didn't move away for twenty-seven days. She had divers and equipment and all the rest of it. But none of us knows did she get anything."

"They weren't here for the good of their health," said Philly. He turned to me. "What do you think?"

"Take my word for it," Con broke in. "They got nothing. Didn't I watch them through the glasses day and night? And didn't I tell you dozens of times they pulled up nothing but seaweed?"

"You couldn't swear to it."

"For God's sake, I'm not a swearing man. I'm telling you—the gold's still down there in the Bonipart."

"Boniface."

"Call it what you like. It's all there, happy as an old lark."

"Maybe you're right," said Philly, with surprising amiability. "I'm not saying you're wrong. All I'm saying is that we don't know for sure."



"O.K., Mister, that's enough! Next!"

"Take my word for it," said Con with finality. "We're sitting on a gold mine." He spoke with such authority that somehow we all felt that he must be right.

WE were the first to tie up at the harbor. The place was deserted, silent in the clean morning light. There was only the sharp smell of old fish and the light, echoey sound of the water under the dock. Now that we were on land again, our bodies were slow and unsure with fatigue. I thanked them for taking me with them, and we shook hands formally. Con held me by the elbow until the young men were out of earshot.

"It wasn't much good, was it?" he asked.

"I enjoyed it, Con," I said.

In the daylight, he looked every one of his seventy-two years—an old man with tired eyes. "The point is," he said, "the fish are there, a bloody harvest of them. You saw for yourself the catches them big boats landed. What we need is an outboard. That's what we need. I keep telling the boys that. 'The fish is there,' I say to them when they lose heart."

He stood looking back at the sea, still holding my arm. Then he spoke in a rush. "I told you a lie about the Bonipart."

"Yes?" I said cautiously. I thought

he was going to ask me for money.

"The Dutchmen cleaned her out from head to foot. I seen it all through the glasses from the point of the headland. They took cartloads of stuff off her. Didn't leave a bolt on her."

"And was she really carrying bullion?"

He didn't hear me, but went on as if I hadn't spoken. "I don't want Philly or Lispy to know this. It's better for them to think it's still there. They're young men. . . . You see, friend, they never got much out of life. Not like me."

His voice trailed off, and I suddenly understood that he was asking me for something more important than money. "You saw the world, Con," I said. "You've been everywhere."

"Damned right I have!" he said. "Canada, the United States, South America—right round the world before I was twenty!"

He turned, and we walked off the dock and started up the hill together. "By God, sirs," he said, "you've got to hand it to them Dutchmen!"

—BRIAN FRIEL

Mr. McCracken sang Beethoven in his first aria from *Fidelio* while the orchestra played Von Weber.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Who won?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

IN PERPETUUM

GIBRALTAR is by way of being a preoccupation of mine, a place for which I have a special and curious regard. For one thing, I can never forget how stubbornly reassuring it looked when it loomed out of the Mediterranean mists during the war; there is nothing like a house on a rock, and no other rock is as emphatic and pugnacious as Gibraltar. It is a place I have visited many times since then, and one that I hold in great affection, for Gibraltarians—who, as they will tell you repeatedly, are neither English nor Spanish but *Gibraltarians*—are a spunky, friendly, energetic, and cheerful little group of people, and the Rock is always as busily active as an anthill in spring. Any map will show you that it is a small wart on the bottom of the Iberian Peninsula, one of the gateposts of the Mediterranean, but if the map should be a political one, Gibraltar will show up as a tiny dot of a different color from the rest of Iberia, which is Spain and Portugal but mostly Spain. And that, at the moment, is precisely the trouble.

In 1704, during the War of the Spanish Succession, Admiral Sir George Rooke, commanding a combined British and Dutch fleet, seized Gibraltar, and held on to it, against the protests of the Dutch, until the Treaty of Utrecht put an end to the war in 1713. In Article X of the treaty, it was clearly stated that Spain "yielded to the Crown of Great Britain the full and intire propriety of the Town and Castle of Gibraltar, together with the port, fortifications, and forts thereunto belonging," and that Gibraltar was to be "held and enjoyed absolutely with all manner of right for ever, without any exception or impediment whatsoever." It went on to say that the Spanish Crown took it to be understood "that the above-named propriety be yielded to Great Britain without any territorial jurisdiction, and without any open communication by land with the country round about." The Treaty of Utrecht was written in Latin, and the poor scribes who scratched out the originals of these sentences with their quills can have had no idea what their choice of words would one day provoke—that not only in London and Madrid but on the floor of the United Nations, in Nieuw Amsterdam, their



phrasing would be queried, turned inside out, and held up to the light by representatives of countries whose existence was then inconceivable. Yet this is precisely what has happened and is still happening, and only a matter of weeks ago I listened to long, interpretive arguments, in both English and Spanish, over these same sentences. Nor has the shouting died.

For Spain, the very existence of British Gibraltar has always been a national shame, and its recovery a matter of national pride—the one human feeling that can be counted on to stiffen any Spanish spine. During the eighteenth century, Spain besieged the Rock furiously and frequently, and her animosity came to a head in the Great Siege of 1779 during the Maritime Wars—the fourteenth siege—when she allied herself with France against Britain with the single end of retaking Gibraltar. The Great Siege lasted from June of 1779 until February of 1783, and was a personal triumph for General Elliot, the commander of the garrison, who brilliantly and ingeniously held the Rock against massive Spanish attacks. The Peace of Versailles, in 1783, then left Britain in unquestioned possession and seemed to put the lid on any further Spanish pretensions as far as the recovery of Gibraltar was concerned, at least in a military sense. It still, how-

ever, rankled in the Spanish soul, and does today. A few weeks ago, I asked a Spanish friend of mine in Barcelona—a man of extreme intelligence and urbanity—if he *really* felt that Gibraltar should be Spanish. "You want a straight answer, and I'll give you one," he said. "I know all the arguments, I know the *fondo* of the British position, I know the justifications, but I am a Spaniard and I damn well feel that Gibraltar should be Spanish, and that's flat. *I'm* not going to do anything about it, but I just think that Gibraltar is incontrovertibly a part of Spain." I was surprised at his vehemence, for he is far from sympathetic to the present regime in Spain, but there was certainly no hesitation in his answer, and the feeling he expressed is sufficiently prevalent for Generalísimo Franco to twang on it occasionally, particularly at those times when he is plagued by domestic troubles and can use "the Gibraltar question" as a diversion, a handy red herring. He

did this around the time of Queen Elizabeth's visit to the Rock in 1954, and he has done it at intervals since. But he has never gone farther than he did in 1963, when he caused the whole matter to be brought before the United Nations Special Committee on the Situation with Regard to the Implementation of the Declaration on the Granting of Independence to Colonial Countries and Peoples—commonly called, to save a substantial amount of breath, the Committee of Twenty-four. This committee came into being in November, 1961, as the result of General Assembly Resolution 1514 (xv), with the purpose of examining and implementing, in specific cases, the assembly's declaration on colonial independence, and since the declaration proclaimed "the necessity of bringing to a speedy and unconditional end colonialism in all its forms and manifestations," the case of Gibraltar, a British Crown Colony, came legitimately into its sphere of attention. When the first discussion of Gibraltar began, in September, 1963, two Gibraltarians—Mr. Joshua A. Hassan, then Chief Minister of the Legislative Council and Mayor of Gibraltar, and Mr. Peter J. Isola, a member of the legislature and leader of the opposition—appeared before the committee as petitioners to state the Gibraltarian point of view and to answer

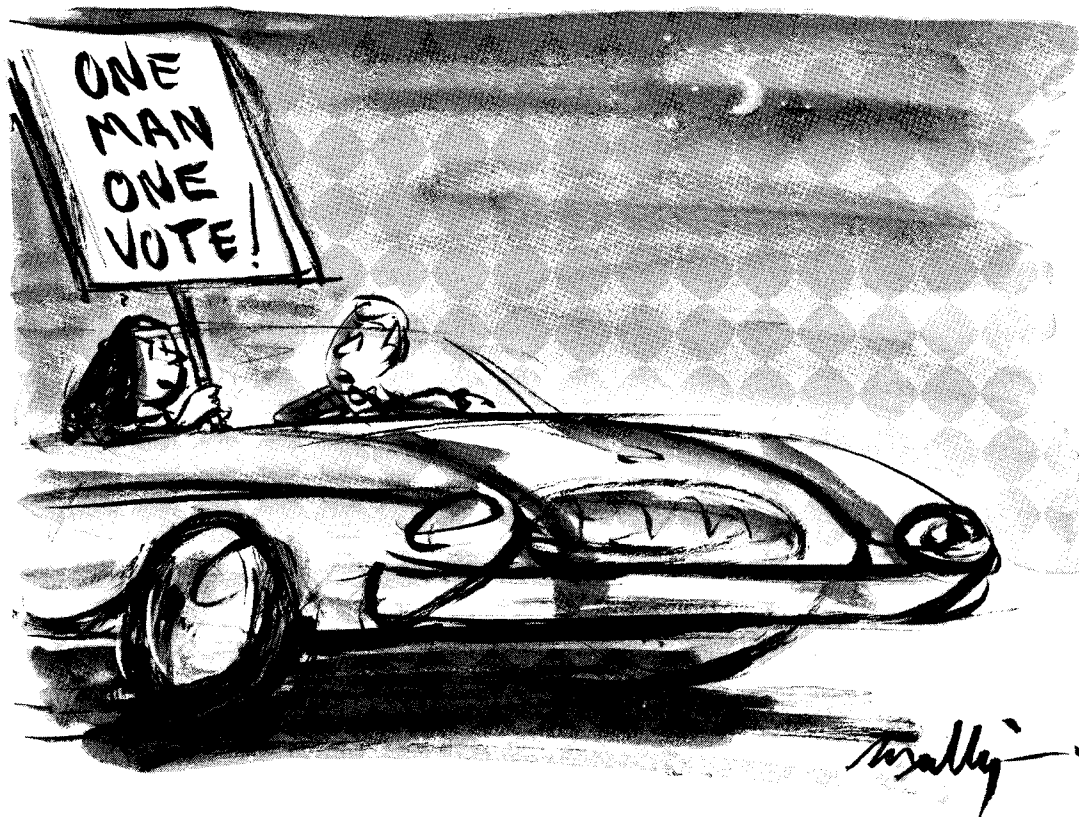
questions put to them by members of the committee. Far from being concluded, however, the case of Gibraltar was deferred until the next sitting of the committee, and came up again in September, 1964, when the same two Gibraltarians attended (although the Chief Minister, having been knighted in 1963, appeared on this occasion as Sir Joshua Hassan). One has only to rifle through the verbatim reports of these sessions to see the enormous complexity of the problem, and it certainly caused a great deal of head-scratching on the part of the representatives, who had to listen not only to long and thunderous Spanish arguments, curt British ones, and earnest and clear statements from the Gibraltarian petitioners but also to deeply conflicting views from their own midst. In the 1964 session, Sir Joshua bravely expressed his belief that "the voice of real, living human beings was likely to carry much more weight . . . than all the historical, geographical, economic, and legalistic arguments that could be devised," but these very arguments were also coming from real, living human beings, and there seemed to be no end to them. I was lately talking over the proceedings with Sir Joshua in his office in Gibraltar when he suddenly said, in his birdlike way, "You know, it struck me suddenly, right after Isola and I had landed in New York and were getting ready to attend the first session, just what a small place Gibraltar is, and all at once I felt utterly insignificant. But then, when I had attended one or two of the sessions, it dawned on me that, miniature as we are, the implications of our case were quite enormous. It's rather ludicrous that this tiny colony—two and a quarter square miles of the earth's surface—should provoke such genuinely world-shaking argument. Of course, it matters desperately to *us*, for it involves our survival, but our case was weighed very seriously by the committee and may serve as a precedent of a kind." Sir Joshua is a man for whom I have had the greatest esteem across the years, for he seems to hold the community and unity of Gibraltar in his head, intricately and intelligently, without losing a jot of his humanity, and as I read my way through the committee reports, it was the di-

rectness and clarity of both his and Mr. Isola's interventions that always jumped from the otherwise word-logged pages.

When the committee finished its consideration of the case of Gibraltar on October 16, 1964, its chairman, Mr. Sori Coulibaly, of Mali, summarized the discussion in a consensus that noted "the existence of a disagreement, even of a dispute, between the United Kingdom and Spain over the status and the situation of the territory of Gibraltar," and invited the United Kingdom and Spain "to undertake without delay conversations in order to find . . . a negotiated solution." In other words, the committee felt that the case of Gibraltar did not come properly under its jurisdiction, the problem being really one of sovereignty rather than of colonial oppression, and so it handed it back to Britain and Spain, thereby redefining it as a private disagreement. The decision was a triumph for Gibraltar, and when Sir Joshua and Mr. Isola returned to the Rock, they were met on the tiny airstrip, which lies only five hundred yards from the Spanish frontier, by almost the entire population of the colony, and were pulled by hand in a jeep through Main Street, with the church bells pealing and flags and banners hanging from every window in an exuberant gesture of affection. The air of triumph, however, was short-lived, for the following day the Spanish

authorities at La Línea, the town immediately across the tiny frontier, in Spain proper, began to show their teeth by imposing stringent restrictions on cars going to and from Gibraltar, reducing what was formerly a flow to a thin trickle. From then on, things got worse and worse, and the people of Gibraltar now refer to the situation as the Fifteenth Siege. When I landed on the airstrip a few weeks ago, I was met by an old friend of mine, who said, "Sensible of you to come by plane. This morning, the Spaniards closed the frontier at 9:45, and prior to that only nine cars were allowed through, after waiting since seven in the morning." He added, "Do you know, it's over five months since I set foot in Spain, and I used to be there at least four times a week."

We walked from the airstrip to the police post on the frontier to have a look at the situation, and as we did so I glanced over my shoulder at the precipitous north face of the Rock—silvery gray, mottled with green patches, always stirring to my eye. In spite of all the local jokes about the Spanish workers' carrying home pocketfuls of Gibraltar gravel every evening in the eventual hope of dismantling the Rock entirely, it was reassuringly there. At the frontier, the sergeant of police, looking for all the world like an English bobby, saluted us. "Sticky morning, sir," he said to my friend. "They're



"You promised me you'd leave that damn sign home this evening."

going through the Spaniards' lunch baskets as though they were looking for ants. Poor bastards, I'm sure they don't like what they're having to do any more than we do. Yesterday, they took away some cauliflower leaves that the Spanish maid who works next door to us was taking back for her hens. '*Contrabando!*' they were shouting. It's hard not to laugh at times, except it's the Spaniards who really suffer; the whole business is backfiring." He stopped to glance briefly at passes proffered by three Spanish waiters, and nodded them on. "You know, sir, we call this the Flamenco Curtain," he said to me. "They might as well shut it up altogether. It would be far less painful for them. And we have more than enough work in town—there's hardly anything to do here now. Don't let me keep you, sir—I suppose I've fallen into the habit of talking too much since last October. *No hay más remedio.*" To anyone who is not used to it, the absolute bilinguality of Gibraltarians can be a shock; they themselves never notice it.

I looked across at the Spanish side. Three members of the Civil Guard were pacing up and down, looking like

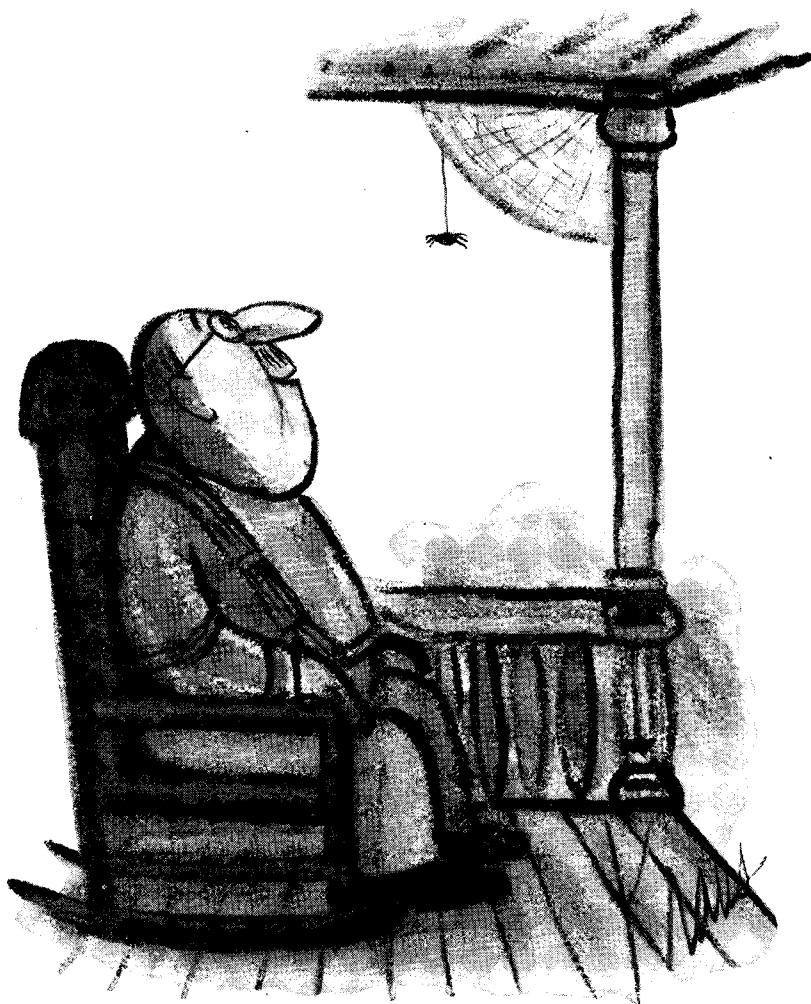
caged animals; their instructions obviously did not sit easily on them. Beyond them, in the haze of the day, Spain loomed. It was difficult, geographically, to notice any difference between where we were and where we might be. But the difference was history, and even legend, and although in the past I had often strolled across the frontier out of simple curiosity, this time I knew my place. "Let's go back," I said to my friend, and abruptly we turned our backs on Spain.

The present situation is a fairly grim one for the inhabitants of the Rock, who in the past were used to running over to Spain at will and treating the adjacent playgrounds of the Costa del Sol as a kind of expanded backyard—a relief from the confines of Gibraltar. With the frontier as near to closed as makes no difference (in January, 1965, only 873 vehicles crossed the frontier, as opposed to 8,691 in January of the previous year), the local people have been thrown sharply back on themselves and have had to discover a host of diversions on their own small stamping ground. The prevailing atmosphere in Gibraltar could be compared, I think, to that

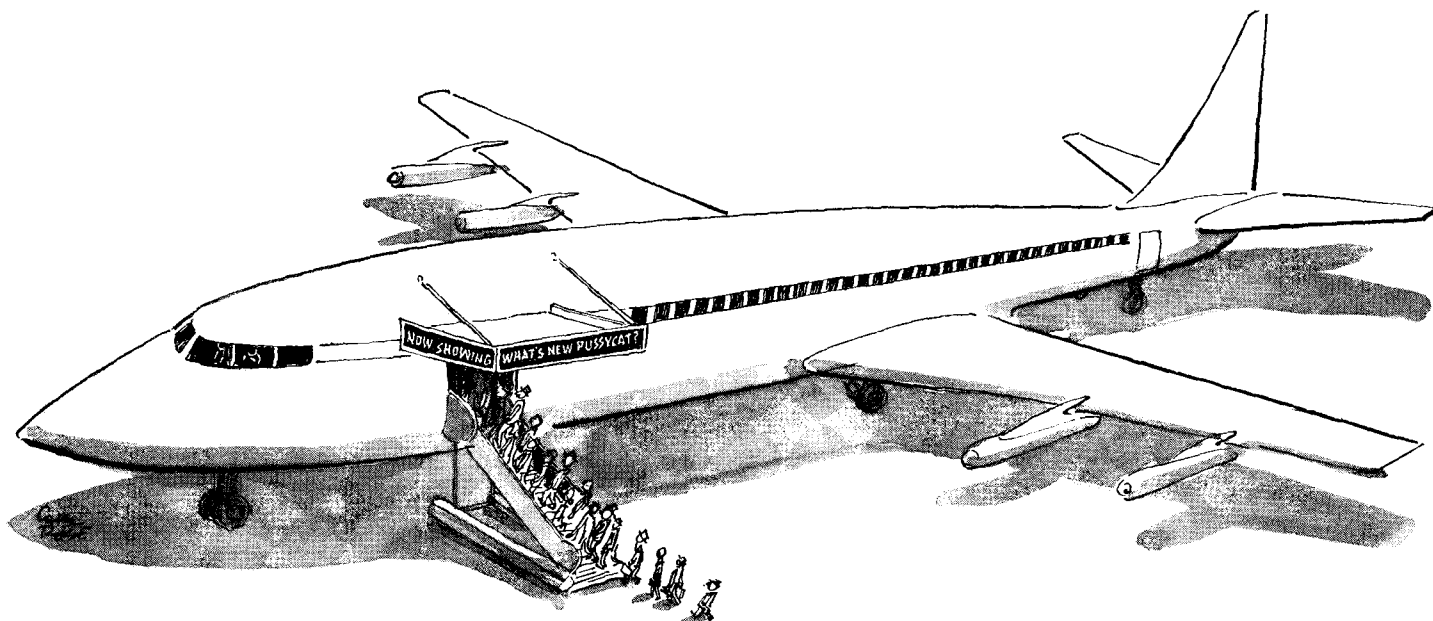
of London during the blitz—the people are cheerful, even chipper, gutty and resourceful, determined not to be undermined by the ugly realities on their doorstep, yet are dramatically interested in the situation into which they have been violently projected. However, the merchants of the town—who had been enjoying an incredible prosperity since 1956, when Tangier ceased to be an international port—have had their profits cut by at least fifty per cent, because the foreign residents along the Costa del Sol have had to give up their regular shopping days in Gibraltar. Should the frontier close altogether, supplies of fresh food and vegetables would obviously have to come from somewhere else; indeed, they have already begun to arrive from Morocco, across the Straits. But the core of the problem for Gibraltar is the Spanish workers, who, with passes issued to them by the Spanish government in Madrid, used to troop in daily to the colony to work in the dockyard, in construction, in domestic service. Recently, the Madrid government has simply not renewed expired passes and has taken every opportunity to reduce this work force as much as possible, with the result that the threat of being deprived of some nine thousand workers is hanging in the air. Moreover, the Gibraltarians who had chosen to live in Spain and commute daily to their work in Gibraltar were forced in a matter of days either to give up their work on the Rock or to uproot themselves and move into Gibraltar proper, adding to the already complicated housing problem in the town. "It's really like the war all over again," one of them said to me, "except that this time we're *sure* we're going to win." Almost that same sentence, ominously enough, was pronounced by a Spanish government spokesman in Madrid. The war, insofar as it is a war of nerves, is already well under way.

NOW, what *is* all the argument about? The whole case has hardly ever been presented objectively or in its entirety, for it has always been filtered through a partisan point of view, and two-hundred-and-fifty-year-old treaties are bound to undergo fairly brutal semantic manipulation when they emerge into the linguistic maelstrom of the moment. Spain is the plaintiff. The United Kingdom is the defendant. Gibraltar is the reality. So let me take a deep, unaccustomedly legal breath and try to untangle the fuss.

Imagine a nonexistent court of law



"You've given me hope."



where the case is being heard. On one side sits the Spanish counsel, soberly clad, furrow-faced, wearing honor and indignation like crisp legal robes, boiling with righteousness, glinting with craftiness. On the British side, a Queen's Counsel, pink, bewigged, jut-jawed, aloof, exuding an air of fair play, acidly logical. Between them a gallery of Gibraltarians, dark, sinewy, sallow, eager-eyed, attentive, anxious, bursting to speak but respectful of size. The proceedings begin—dire, without waste of words. The body of the courtroom is occupied by a few Gibraltarians with time to spare (everyone I know in Gibraltar seems to have three or four jobs); some tight-lipped English ladies, rigid with principle, champions of all things imperial and odd; cantankerous Spanish journalists who hope to please their superiors by properly selective reporting. A ghostly judicial cough stills us, and the arguments unwind.

Let us spare ourselves the oratorical knitting of the Spanish counsel, his invocations of honor and glory and the nobility of a grandiose but vanished past—of *hispanismo*—and boil his complaints down to their essence. Geographically, he claims, Gibraltar is a piece of the Peninsula and is Spanish soil—the same soil that his forefathers drenched with their blood. Granted, the Englishman says, but history is something that has happened, and treaties are treaties, as promises are promises, and could the Spanish colonies of Ceuta, Melilla, Ifni, and Fernando Poo, in Africa, be said to be Spanish soil? Let us move to the next point.

The British naval force, under Admiral Rooke, did the Dutch out of their

rightful share in Gibraltar and foxed Holland's allies. A raised English eyebrow. Indeed? But surely the time to have raised that question was in 1713, at the table in Utrecht. The Dutch today do not seem unduly agitated by this illusory deprivation.

Well, then, argues the Spanish counsel, the Treaty of Utrecht was forced on Spain by Louis XIV of France, against the will of Philip V, the then King of Spain. But, the Englishman counters, Philip was on the losing side and had no choice but to concede Gibraltar to the British—as Louis XIV, his grandfather, pointed out to him—if he wanted to retain the bulk of the Spanish Peninsula. But Spain has never renounced her claim to the Rock, as the repeated sieges surely prove. Neither has Britain, as the successful defense and retention of Gibraltar must demonstrate. Why, then, did Britain promise, in a letter from George I to Philip V in 1721, and in various communications during the Second World War, to return Gibraltar to Spain? George I merely hinted at the return of Gibraltar in one or two commercial deals that he proposed privately during his reign. As for any offers made during the Second World War, the late Sir Winston Churchill stated unequivocally, in a memo to Lord Halifax dated June 26, 1940, "I am sure we shall gain nothing by offering to 'discuss' Gibraltar at the end of the war. Spaniards will know that if we win, discussions will not be fruitful; and if we lose, they would not be necessary." And in reply to a question in the House of Commons on May 20, 1954, he declared, "No promises to cede Gibralt-

ar to Spain were made during the late war." While Gibraltar may have been a bargaining point—and obviously was—bargaining points do not imply bargains. Well, then, why did the British Crown in 1782 offer to exchange Gibraltar for Puerto Rico, and in 1796 for Louisiana, and in 1917 for Ceuta? As our learned Spanish opponent will be the first to admit, one cannot offer anything in exchange for anything else unless one is first completely confident that one holds full title to the offering in question.

Now to legalities, the Spanish counsel proposes. Article X of the Treaty of Utrecht gave Britain jurisdiction over Gibraltar as a fortress but not over the adjoining land, ceding the fortress "without any territorial jurisdiction, and without any open communication by land with the country round about." True indeed, and the object of Philip V was to prevent open smuggling between Gibraltar and the surrounding Spanish mainland, Gibraltar having been declared a free port by Queen Anne in 1705, but territorial jurisdiction cannot be so limited, or British sovereignty over Gibraltar so whittled down, in afterthought. Another question, then. Why did Britain allow Jews and Moors to reside there in direct violation of the treaty? Our Spanish friend is talking in the year 1965. His sentiments, no doubt, would have borne some pith and moment three hundred years ago, but to advance them as serious objections in this day and age would surely be to hazard the reputation for liberal thinking that his country has been at pains to achieve during the past decade. In Gibraltar,



*"It happens to be way after eleven,
and there are people trying to get some shut-eye around here!"*

anyone can worship as he pleases. But has not Gibraltar been a center for the promulgation of Protestantism and Freemasonry in adjacent Spain? The same might well be said of France or of Portugal or of any other territory adjacent to Spain, and does not the charge perhaps imply a rather weak susceptibility on the part of Spaniards themselves?

Well, then (and by this time the Spanish counsel is looking considerably flustered), let us take up the question of contraband, prostitution, and all the other evil influences that have emanated from the presence of a British colony on Spanish soil. Let us take them up most certainly, though contraband alone is doubtless what most preoccupies our Spanish friend, and while the British Crown duly recognizes the concern he feels over the flow of duty-free goods from the colony into Spain, it still cannot and would not interfere with the purchase of these goods in Gibraltar. How they enter Spain is surely the concern not of the Crown but of the Spanish customs authorities. While we are on the subject, may we draw attention—and particularly Spanish attention—to what we consider a rather

telling article in the *Gibraltar Post* of March 6, 1965, in reply to a testy accusation on the part of our agile Spanish friend Don Manuel Fraga Iribarne, Minister of Information and Tourism in the Spanish government, that some 79,499 gallons of whiskey had been illegally "reexported" into Spain from Gibraltar during 1963. The article makes clear, first, that the Minister's figures are not quite accurate—though, of course, statistical wishfulness has long been a characteristic of the Minister and his countrymen. It accounts both clearly and legitimately for 68,033 gallons legitimately exported to passenger liners, foreign consulates in Morocco, United States bases in Spain, aircraft, and so forth, leaving some eleven thousand gallons unaccounted for, which may or may not have been smuggled into Spain, but which, had they been, would hardly constitute a menace to a population of over thirty-one million people. More than that, however, the article gives precise information, with dates and names, of the purchase of some five hundred gallons of these spirituous liquors by Spanish police and customs officials across the frontier in La Línea.

In a court as lofty as this, it may seem trivial to descend to counting bottles of whiskey, but we are of the opinion that the whole question of contraband, so frequently raised by Spain to incite popular and international indignation, is but a blind to conceal Spain's real concern, which we shall uncover in time. But before we lay this question to rest, may we draw attention to some of the rather petty instances of retaliation on the part of Spanish customs in La Línea, such as prohibiting the entry of altar wine from Jerez for the Roman Catholic cathedral in Gibraltar, preventing the entry of oxygen cylinders for the hospitals, and also of Christmas trees, which prior to this year were always purchased from Spain—to say nothing of the tedious and unnecessary delays imposed on vehicular traffic at the border? And may we mention the refusal of the Spanish authorities to recognize as valid any British passports issued or renewed in Gibraltar—a contravention of all existing agreements between Spain and the United Kingdom? It is far from being our intention to embarrass our Spanish colleague, but we feel that these matters must be corrected in the light of exist-



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ing and established fact. We have no more to say on this question.

Neither, it would seem, has the Spanish counsel, whose brow by now is dark, and who allows a long, paper-studying pause to elapse before rising once more to his feet. Having been snared by particularities, he tries to recover a loftier level. Is it not the crux and truth of the matter, he asks, that the existence of Gibraltar has all along been responsible for the entire British attitude toward Spain, which has been to criticize the country severely, to block its admission into NATO, to disparage its evolving democracy, and to curtail its recent economic emergence? Has not Britain acted out of fear that a strong Spain would threaten the status of Gibraltar?

May we once again, with due deference, correct our esteemed Spanish colleague? He must surely be aware that, economically speaking, the United Kingdom is Spain's principal customer, which would hardly indicate economic indifference; that, according to his own figures, almost two million British subjects vacationed in Spain during 1964, which brought considerable sterling revenue into the country; and that a substantial number of British firms have either established Spanish subsidiaries or invested in Spanish enterprises, which would seem to signify encouragement rather than the contrary. The fact that Spain has not been admitted to NATO cannot be blamed on the United Kingdom, which is only one of the fifteen member countries. As for Spain's emergent democracy, the United Kingdom has never in recent years been officially critical of the present Spanish regime, and has always maintained cordial diplomatic relations with that regime, even in the face of hostility. Nor can the United Kingdom be blamed for Spain's failure to gain associate membership in the European Economic Community, for Great Britain herself is not a member. All these objections raised by our Spanish friend smack of nothing more than pique; the reality is quite otherwise.

The Spanish counsel persists. Gibraltar, as a strategic base, was of prime importance to the United Kingdom during the Second World War, he says. Now that a United States base for Polaris-bearing submarines has been established at Rota, in the south of

Spain, is not the British insistence on the strategic importance of Gibraltar anachronistic, to say the least? And are not the British simply making a show of strength by standing so firmly behind the colony, particularly since the British Empire is in obvious dissolution elsewhere and the responsibility for the defense of Western Europe has been shouldered largely by the United States?

Without bothering to reply to the more offensive implications of the question, we of the United Kingdom would like to emphasize what we specifically stated in a government White Paper published in April, 1965, on the subject of Gibraltar; namely, that "Great Britain has at no time renounced her title to Gibraltar or failed to defend her position there and will not do so now," and that "she has no desire to quarrel with Spain, but she will stand by the people of Gibraltar in their present difficulties and take whatever measures may be necessary to defend and sustain them." It is quite true that Great Britain no longer maintains as large a garrison strength in Gibraltar as she did, but any question of the relative strategic importance of the Rock is irrelevant to maintaining the status of Gibraltar, as the White Paper makes abundantly clear.

The icier the voice of our Queen's Counsel, the redder the visage of his

Spanish counterpart.

The Gibraltarians sit like birds on a wire, their dark eyes darting from side to side like spectators at a tennis game, bursting to speak, barely containing themselves. The Spanish counsel raises his head sharply for a last, needling stab. Is the United Kingdom aware of the depend-

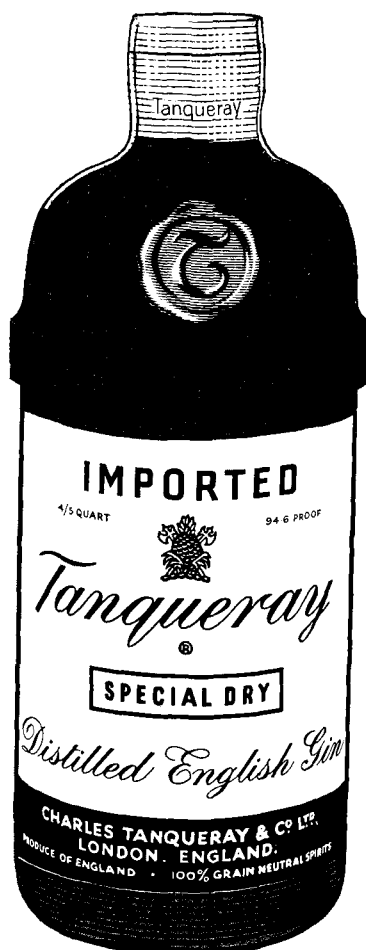
ence of Gibraltar on Spain? Does it realize that the Spanish government not only might decide at any moment to stop all supplies entering Gibraltar from Spain but might also abruptly withdraw the passes that enable nine thousand Spanish workmen to keep Gibraltar functioning at all? Do these considerations not give our esteemed British colleague pause? Do they not make him more readily disposed to accept the Spanish government's offer of immediate talks to renegotiate the status of Gibraltar?

Pinker and icier than ever, the British representative observes what is generally known as a significant pause.



Our Spanish friend has uttered what we can only construe as a threat, he says, finally. Let me first deal with it. While it has been a convenience both to the inhabitants of Gibraltar and to those of the surrounding Spanish districts to trade for fresh provisions, Her Majesty's Government wishes to make it clear that this link, far from being essential, can easily be—and will be—maintained by other means. As for the labor force, the people of Gibraltar are already prepared not only to redouble their own efforts but to discover alternative sources of labor, at whatever sacrifice. But does the Spanish government ever stop to consider the feelings of these Spanish workers, who for years now have been earning from their employment in the Crown Colony a livelihood far in excess of the wages paid for equivalent work within Spain itself? Were their passes withdrawn, would their feelings toward Madrid be grateful ones? Let that, however, remain the concern of Spain. I shall merely underline again that the United Kingdom will stand by Gibraltar at all times and under all circumstances; that the arguments presented by our Spanish colleague have been for the most part red herrings; and that Spain's fundamental impulse in pressing the matter at this time is one of envy and greed at the well-being of a small and contented democratic community on her own land mass, where conditions are far from democratic, far from contented. And let me, in conclusion, quote the last sentence of the White Paper to which I have previously referred: "Her Majesty's Government will remain ready to entertain proposals by Spain for conversations but cannot do so as long as an abnormal situation on the frontier"—and here I would interject "an abnormal malice emanating from Madrid"—"continues."

SO, wearily, do the arguments go on—the exchange of oily diplomatic notes between the Spanish Ministry for Foreign Affairs and the British Embassy in Madrid ("Please accept, my dear Ambassador, with my best personal wishes, the assurance of my highest and most distinguished consideration"), rumblings from the British press, vitriolic editorials in the Madrid dailies, and an off-the-cuff comment from Mrs. Eirene White, a Colonial Under-Secretary, who, after spending three days in Gibraltar investigating the frontier restrictions, declared that she personally "was not going to Spain for my holidays this year," adding, "There are other places



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in the sun. Why should we support a country determined to bully Gibraltar?"—a remark that brought British travel agents to their feet howling with financial rage. Indeed, it has been a poor time for travel agents, because Gibraltar itself, which once had a promising future as the center of a tourist web spreading over North Africa and southern Spain, has been of necessity scratched from their glossy folders, and no amount of indignant letter writing to the *London Times* has moved the Spanish government from its belligerent stance.

Actually, the Spanish argument presented to the Committee of Twenty-four by Señor Jaime de Piniés, the Spanish representative, makes far more sense than any of the abusive propaganda in the Spanish press. It hinges primarily on an intricate historical argument, deriving from the Treaty of Utrecht but having considerable bearing on the present. Essentially, Spain claims that the community of souls that was expelled from Gibraltar after the British occupation in 1704, and that took refuge in the nearby town of San Roque, are the true Gibraltarians, and that the isolated mixture of inhabitants who subsequently settled in Gibraltar under the British occupation—Genoese, Sephardic Jews, Portuguese, Maltese, and British, many of whom married Spaniards—are nothing more than "pseudo-Gibraltarians" (even though Gibraltar has by now been in British possession for over two hundred and sixty years, or longer than Spain held it after its recovery from the Moors in 1462). At the 1964 meeting of the Committee of Twenty-four, Señor Trelles, a retired Spanish professor of international law, was given the task of presenting the position of the "pseudo-Gibraltarians" as a historically false one—a task he fulfilled at such windy length that he succeeded (if I read the minutes aright) in boring even the members of the committee, accustomed though they must have been to long and tedious histories of colonies beyond their ken. He did, however, manage to argue himself toward the agile conclusion that "today, just as it was a hundred and fifty years ago, the inhabitants of Gibraltar are interested in maintaining the fort in its present

state, and this for identical reasons: protected by British guns, they can live at the expense of the surrounding Spanish territory, subjecting it to an exploitation that we might qualify as colonial." Señor Trelles went a bit too far. It fell to Señor de Piniés himself to come to the real point, at a later session. It was he who drew attention to the fact that a top-level conference held in Gibraltar in April, 1964, with the Marquess of Lansdowne, Minister of State for Commonwealth Relations and Colonial Affairs, as chairman, took it upon itself to alter the fundamental political structure of the colony and to revise its constitution to the point of calling for the formation of a Gibraltar Council, presided over by the Governor (appointed by the British Crown) and to include, on the one hand, the Deputy Fortress Commander and three senior civil-service officials and, on the other hand, the Chief Minister and four other elected members of the Legislative Council. The first elections under the new constitution set up by the Lansdowne Committee were held on September 10, 1964, and resulted in a sweeping personal victory for Sir Joshua Hassan, who was duly appointed

Chief Minister. The elections were keenly contested in a way that national elections in a larger country could never be. For one thing, all the candidates were well known personally to large numbers of the electorate (a condition that in Gibraltar would be hard to avoid), and, for another, their campaigns were a series of more or less private conversations, small street-corner speeches, and sharp question-and-answer exchanges on local



matters, all of which, by definition, did away with any muffling rhetoric. (Gibraltar has television, and one of my friends there told me that if an inhabitant of the Rock disagrees with any point in a television discussion, he is quite likely to wander out of his house and dispute the point with the performer in question as he emerges from the studio.) In a communiqué issued in Gibraltar on the heels of the Lansdowne conference, the members of the Legislative Council declared that they were not seeking independence or control over matters of defense and foreign policy, but they made it clear that, as Gibraltarians, they intended to keep the

say-so with regard to local matters. Here lies the rub, and here crops up the gravid phrase "self-determination"—the phrase that launched a thousand arguments. Spain, in the *persona* of Señor de Piniés, argued before the Committee of Twenty-four that the creation of a new, self-determining political entity—a "Government of Gibraltar"—flagrantly violated the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht, which required that if Great Britain ever relinquished sovereignty over Gibraltar, Spain should have preference in taking over. In particular, Señor de Piniés picked up a statement made by Mr. Cecil King, United Kingdom representative on the Committee of Twenty-four, that Britain "fully accepts that the people of Gibraltar should choose the form of their association with Britain," and read this sentence as expressing a disengagement on the part of the United Kingdom from its obligations to Spain deriving from the Treaty of Utrecht, and he added that Spain was no longer diplomatically deceived by this astute British maneuver. But even the agility of *his* argument did not end the infinite intricacies of the question, which are perhaps best summed up by a single, brilliant sentence from an article by Anthony Burgess, in the *Spectator* of April 23, 1965: "If self-determination can mean a determination to abrogate self-determination, is this still the self-determination the Spaniards regard as a violation of the Treaty of Utrecht?" This ghostly point quivers somewhere on the edge of reason, like an Aristotelian riddle, but the reality—and the Rock, above all—is still there.

BEFORE leaving the conference table and its pushed-back chairs and overflowing ashtrays, let us just collect a few remarks left in the wastebaskets of the United Nations, the substance of which deserves a better fate. The first is a piece of characteristic outspokenness by Sir Joshua Hassan during the 1963 session of the Committee of Twenty-four:

We do not question Spain's dislike of colonialism, but we do most emphatically maintain that its application to Gibraltar is completely irrelevant. What is meant by colonialism? The word has a number of unsavory connotations. It implies, surely, the subjugation of a people by an external and foreign power, the exploitation of the resources of the colony and of the labor of the people for the benefit of the colonial power, and the oppression of the people economically by not allowing them the opportunities of a high standard of living; socially, by refusing them opportunities for education and by distinctions



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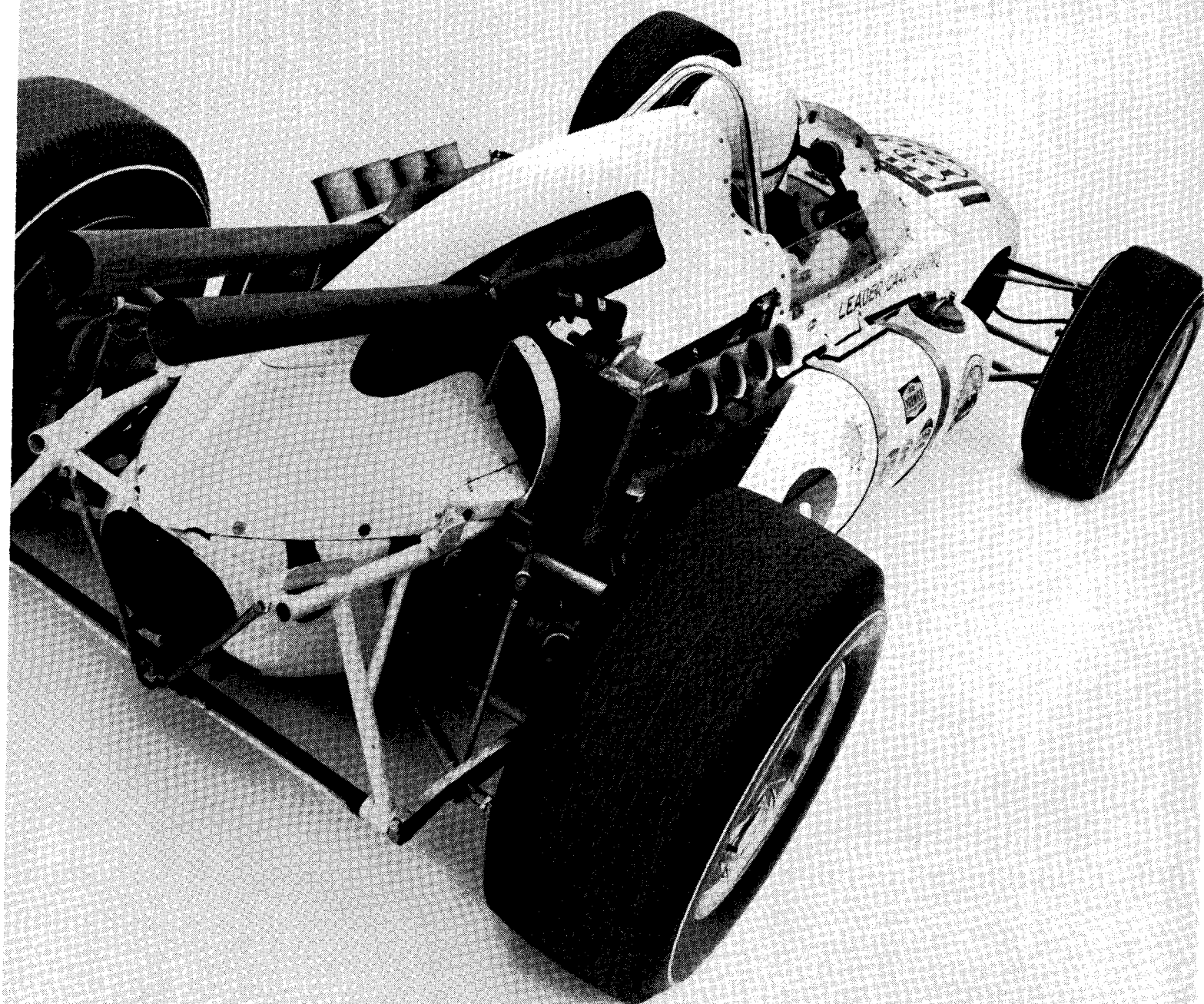
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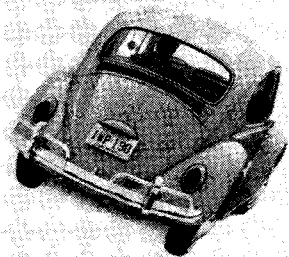
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of class, if not of race; morally, by not recognizing and respecting their worth as human beings; legally, by not granting them redress before the law and the fullest possible opportunities for seeking and obtaining justice; and, perhaps most important of all, politically, by not allowing them the expression of their wishes as to the way in which they should be governed and preventing them from putting their wishes into effect... It is not difficult... to demonstrate—and to substantiate by every possible proof—that not one of the qualifications for colonialism is to be found in Gibraltar and that the case presented by the Spanish representative... falls to the ground accordingly, based as it is on false premises, not on a desire to liberate or emancipate an oppressed people but on a centuries-old obsession to alter a historical fact... A man has an indefinable pull toward the land in which he was born. He wants to continue living in this land, and he wants to decide for himself how he shall live there. The people of Gibraltar want to continue living in Gibraltar; they have decided how they want to live there; their objective has now been all but fulfilled, as is shown by the fact that my colleague and I are here to speak on this subject for ourselves. Our position before this Committee and before the world is a simple one and one which all members of the United Nations are in conscience bound to uphold. We ask for nothing except to be allowed to live our lives the way we want to live them without interference from outside, in friendliness with all peoples and in co-operation with our immediate neighbors for what, I assure you, can only be our mutual good, socially, culturally, economically, and in every other way. We are a community of only twenty-five thousand persons, but we believe that the humanitarian ideals of this modern world, as enshrined in the United Nations Charter, have as much regard to the wishes and aspirations of small communities as they have to those containing millions.

The second, an intervention by the Soviet representative, Mr. Pavel Fedorovich Shakhov, is equally outspoken, rejecting as it does all three claims—British, Spanish, and Gibraltarian—to the Rock:

The Soviet Government has repeatedly expressed its support for the complete and final abolition of colonial and military bases in colonial territories, just as it has spoken in favor generally of the abolition of foreign bases on the territories of others, including foreign bases on Gibraltar. Such abolition, together with the complete demilitarization of that territory, is an urgent task. To turn Gibraltar into a demilitarized zone and abolish the military base there would be an important step towards disposing of this bastion of colonialism and annihilating an important and dangerous hotbed of provocation of the colonizers against the people of Africa.

The third is a quite lyrical summation by Mr. Abdul Hussein Alisa, the Iraqi representative on the committee,

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Thirtieth Anniversary Issue
July 1965

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who came closest of all to reducing the whole problem to nutshell proportions:

I have said that I found this world of the past a confused and complicated one; one to which I have referred previously as a dim and twilight world in which remote shadows overlay all shadows so that the form and significance of no single one can be clearly seen or determined. But whatever ancient shadows established or did not establish the present, they have left us now with one substantial legacy: seventeen thousand-odd or twenty-four thousand-odd Gibraltarians. These are our real responsibility here. We cannot ignore them, nor should we seek to bundle them up and dispose of them in some clandestine way. They have been called a "prefabricated population." I do not believe that they are. But whether they are or whether they are not, they are in being—they exist. And they exist as people. They exist not as Spaniards, nor as Englishmen, but as people, and Gibraltarian people. . . . Through the very fact of their existence, these people have rights as people. Under the provisions of Resolution 1514 (xv), they have particular rights and a particular claim upon us here. These people are what we are now concerned with. We are not, I submit, concerned with the conflicting and imperial claims of Great Britain, on the one hand, and Spain, on the other. Whatever differences exist between these two powers, my delegation believes, are differences for adjustment between them in the normal course of events and without the intervention of our Committee.

So much for the conference table, silent for the moment. Not so the market place, which still hums with discord. I keep coming on letters and comments in newspapers, all putting their oar into the already muddled stream. "How should we or any self-respecting country feel if, say, the United States held, by legal cession two and a half centuries ago, a chunk of our mainland—e.g. at Land's End?" asks an indignant letter writer in the *Spectator* of May 7, 1965. "If Spain is worried about squatters on the Iberian Peninsula, why doesn't she take over Portugal first?" asks an extraneous pamphlet that came my way. "What's the Prime Minister worrying about this time—the travel-agent vote?" asks Paul Johnson sourly in the *New Statesman* of April 23rd, in a note complaining about the British government's passive acceptance of the frontier restrictions. "We'll keep the Rock if we have to supply it by airlift until the Spanish cut out this nonsense," *Time* quotes one British official as saying. Generalísimo Franco himself only recently got back into the act, reaching the edge of lunacy by declaring that no matter which black-eyed beauty wins the title of Miss Gibraltar in



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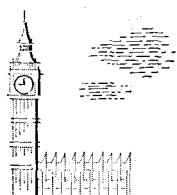
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the local beauty contest next August, she will be ineligible to enter the Miss World contest, on the ground that Gibraltar is part of Spain and therefore Miss Spain will take precedence over her. Mr. Solomon A. Seruya, a member of the Legislative Council, and a onetime fellow-student of mine at the University of St. Andrews, in Scotland, proposed in a letter to the *London Times* on April 3, 1965, a policy of regional coöperation between Gibraltar and Spain—a piece of idle dreaming that was ill-received by his fellow-Gibraltarians, since the Spaniards were cutting up rough at the time. Saw it off, blow it up, give it back, sell it, forget it, cry a host of indiffernt voices. And all the time I have a vision of the scribe who scrawled on vellum in 1713 those desperate words, “*in perpetuum*”—dangerous words to use at the best of times—looking down at the tangle that his quill created.

WHEN I was last at the Rock, a few weeks ago, I got myself transported to the upper reaches, which have now been sufficiently demilitarized to be accessible to Gibraltarians with empty, Spainless Sundays on their hands. There I wandered along empty roads, silent except for the whir of crickets and the occasional punctuation of riveting floating up from the dockyard far below. I must say I did not feel that I could possibly be in or on a beleaguered fortress or an outpost of empire; I was perched peacefully on a small, sun-struck chunk of the Mediterranean, with the north coast of Africa hazily visible across the Straits, and the Spanish town of Algeciras—looking considerably neater and whiter from a distance than it does close up—sprawled out on the opposite side of the bay. For once, nobody was talking, and I appreciated the silence, for I had spent the previous evening with a group of Gibraltarians who were discussing, in dead earnest, the future of the colony. The Spanish blockade had been thoroughly accepted by them as one of the conditions of their existence, and they did not criticize the British position but, instead, seemed grateful for the reassurance it provided. What they talked about was Gibraltar. “We’ve formed committees, quite unofficially, of people who are concerned enough to get down to some serious talking and thinking—businessmen, public servants, laborers, professional men,

priests,” one of them told me, “and we take into account every eventuality, even going as far as to assume that we might have to run Gibraltar ourselves, without Spanish labor. We’re all prepared, even willing, to make sacrifices. The Legislative Council cannot be expected to do everything alone—we all have to pitch in. We realize that we have to make use of every inch of the Rock. We’ve called in land surveyors, we hope to get a plant to convert sea water into fresh water—water, you know, is one of our



great problems, for we depend solely on rainfall—and we are working out what small industries we could set up so as to offer more jobs, and even make Gibraltar attractive to outsiders as a place to live and work in. Housing is a great problem, but we are slowly recovering land from the military authorities, and

we’ll build like mad to make more room. It’s not just that we *can* do it. We want to. We *will*. We’ve had it too good here these last few years, and some among us did nothing but grumble when they saw their fat profits being cut in half. And, let’s face it, some people were doing quite well out of smuggling, with the acquiescence of the Spaniards. But we’re past all that now. Sir Joshua made a speech on television in March that somehow got inside us, speaking very frankly and telling us we would have to make sacrifices. That we do cheerfully, and, I’ll tell you, the whole rumpus has had an astonishing effect on us. In a small place like Gibraltar, you get all kinds of local feuds, jealousies, and so on, but now there’s no time for that. We’re far more together—far more of a community—than we ever were. Everyone’s pitching in. Come back in a few months and you’ll see the difference. We’ve finished arguing our case—in fact, we’ve finished with argument altogether. We’ve just turned our whole attention to the practical—you’d be surprised at some of the ideas that crop up in these informal study groups of ours. Why don’t you come and live here? It’s really a very exciting place to be these days, and I confess it’s a hell of a relief after years of just *selling* things to tourists and sailors. We’ve been lucky. We *are* lucky. Now, I suppose, we’re beginning to take the responsibility for our luck.”

Characteristically, the Gibraltarians have translated the uncertain future in-

to hard practicalities. When or whether the United Kingdom and Spain will get down to talking is a subject about which they have stopped speculating. There is too much to do. I felt that instead of sitting under a wild olive tree chewing on a piece of grass and gazing dazedly at one of the most exotically beautiful panoramas I have ever seen, I should have been down there in the tiny little beehive of a town that I could see between my feet, building something, planning something, getting on with it. I thought suddenly of an anxious graphic designer in the head office of the Prudential Insurance Company, wondering if he had better get to work designing some other symbol of durability for his company's stationery. But then I thought of Sir Joshua darting between offices and meetings, dropping in at his law office in between times, writing learned articles, listening, talking, stabbing at the air with an incisive finger, and I felt that the designer need not worry. I looked across at Spain and wondered lazily what was being hatched in Madrid at the moment and whether the Spanish were quite happy with the present stalemate, or *punto muerto*, as the Spaniards call it. The British, it was clear to me, were not going to budge. "You put down your stone, and then we'll put down ours," they kept saying stoutly. "Oh, no, you drop yours first," the Spaniards kept retorting stiffly—the classic schematic argument of children and politicians. But the Gibraltarians—the inhabitants of the stone in question—have had enough of argument, enough of history, enough of thumb-fingered diplomacy. Gibraltar is their business, and they were going about it with such a cheerful will that, suddenly overcome with guilt at my Mediterranean indolence, I got to my feet, brushed myself off, and began to hurry down the Rock.

—ALASTAIR REID

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE DEPT.

[Press release received by the Post]

The Miss American Teen-Ager Contest is dedicated to the advancement of human dignity, to the furtherance of international goodwill, toward supporting research for the cure and prevention of the many diseases that plague mankind, to supporting and upholding the Constitution of the United States and to the advancement of Americanism, to helping underprivileged children, to advancing brotherhood and understanding among all people and to encouraging teen-agers to grow and develop into fine American citizens who will be the future leaders of our nation.

Our hotel is run by a young man with a lot of old ideas.

Ted Rutt is an Englishman. And, understandably, his head is filled with a lot of out-of-date European notions. For example, he feels that in his kind of hotel, as many rooms as possible should contain a wood-burning fireplace. And he holds fast to the belief that every hotel should have a good, old-fashioned lounge where you can sit and be served afternoon tea. He even clings to the somewhat out-

moded European idea of employing a concierge. (He calls him "the chap who can get you anything you can't find anywhere else to get you".) To sum it up, Mr. Rutt believes that a fine hotel should be rather like a decent London club—where the service is so good you're not aware of it. And, now that a small fortune has been spent demodernizing our hotel, we're beginning to find he's right.

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Now live a little!



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(Why Wait to be Safe? The Rover 2000 is Ready Now!)

To Whom It May Concern: Does Your Government Intend to Walk Until 1967?

1) We have been thinking about the Government's news release, reported at length in a Times of New York dispatch (1 July 1965) under the headline: "U.S. Outlines Car Safety Standards."

2) It went on to say that "The General Services Administration, the Government's official shopper" has drawn up a list of safety features that it will demand in the 38,000 1967 cars it will buy.

3) We don't imagine that the Government intends to walk or take trams until 1967, but apparently it *will* be making-do with cars that aren't up to safety standards.

4) Why wait to be safe? The Rover 2000 Sports Sedan *is available right now.** And frankly we'd like the business.

5) However, we realize that a U.S.

Government purchasing agency might not be authorized to buy 38,000 cars from a British maker without an O.K. from someone higher up. Which is why we are approaching you, whoever you may be.

6) Now to our sales talk :

7) To begin with, the 2000 has, in effect, *two* bodies: the inside one is of steel cage construction; its overhead

**In addition to satisfying G.S.A.'s modest pleas for passenger harnesses, padded dash and visors, recessed instrument panel, unaggressive knobs, a collapsible steering wheel with a column that won't attack you, etc., etc., the Rover 2000 also has disc brakes all around, non-jackknifing seats, a steel firewall to keep the engine out of your lap, radial tires, etc., etc.*

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			MONTEREY Bob Baird Motors (R & LR)		LITCHFIELD The Nelke Motor Co. of Litchfield (R & LR)		FORT PIERCE Sunrise Rental & Leasing Co. (LR)
JUNEAU			NAPA Gasser Motor Co. (LR)	BOULDER W. F. Reno, Inc. (R & LR)	LYME Reynolds Garage and Marine (LR)	GAINESVILLE Santa Fe Tractor, Inc. (LR)	
			DENVER Buckley Brothers Motor Co. (R & LR)		GREEN COVE SPRINGS Roberts Chevrolet (LR)		SARASOTA Harrison Motors, Inc. (R & LR)
KETCHIKAN			COLORADO		SEBRING Pioneer Tractor Co.. (LR)		TAMPA Cralle Hall Motor (LR)
			ARIZONA		TITUSVILLE Brevard Tractor Co. Inc. (LR)		
PHOENIX			TOWN & COUNTRY CHRYSLER (R & LR)				

members are akin to the “roll-bar” of a racing car, and for the same conservative reason.

8) The outside, or beautiful, body is made up of nineteen panels which may be replaced *individually* in case of abrasion.

9) Which brings us to this: Supposing worse comes to worst and one of the 38,000 has an accident?

10) If fate conspires against a 2000's rear fender, say, it takes but \$32.00 plus 45 minutes labor to replace it with a new one. And the Government rolls again! (In a pinch it is not necessary to stay these couriers—or whoever—from their appointed rounds at all. Just leave the ailing panel at the shop, take off, and come back later. This is the same principle that enables you to get your pants pressed without leaving your body at the cleaner's overnight.)

11) Lest you have a slight reservation that a "Sports Sedan" might be a rifle cramped in the interior or prodgal with fuel, recall that Car and Driver named the 2000 the "Car of he Year" not only for its remarkable handling but for its amplitude.

12) As to economy, the 2000's 30 miles per gallon is the automotive equivalent of only one night light in the White House.

13) Look, Sir, if you haven't road-tested a 2000 Sports Sedan yourself why don't you call your nearest Rover dealer? Or better still, just drop in and surprise him.

14) Now, in filling out the order form here, please don't feel hesitant about giving your real name and title; we assure you that they will be kept in strictest confidence.

15) Thank you for your attention. And may we say, even though it's been 150 years, how sorry we are about our servicemen burning down the White House? It looks simply beautiful now; you certainly put the insurance money to good use.

16) Finally, Sir, if it so happens that, after all, you're not the person we should speak to about the 38,000 cars, but you might like 1, please fill in the form anyway. We don't mind breaking the set. You'll hear from us, never fear. Or see your local Rover Dealer.

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- 3) Do you wish your lavishly illustrated brochure mailed in plain wrapper? _____
- 4) Is the Potomac navigable to a point near your place? _____

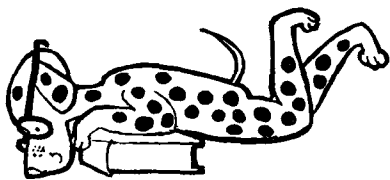
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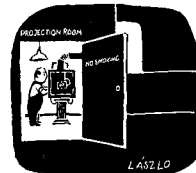
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Outward Bound

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER's celebrated novel "Ship of Fools" has been turned into a movie that I think may become equally celebrated—indeed, in the first flush of my delight with it I'm ready to predict that, like "Casablanca," and for much the same reason (the combining of a varied and exceptionally gifted cast, a plot that provides a continuous crisscross of bold encounters, and the suavest possible display of camera virtuosity), it will be one of those movies that go on being shown forever, presenting to each generation a face at once new and old, piquantly enriched by time and fame. As is the case with any good movie made from a novel, the family resemblance between the two is obvious but deceptive. Miss Porter's novel is very long and very determinedly a work of art, with the earnestness and, on occasion, the hard-breathing solemnity of *Something Brought Off on an Awfully Big Scale*, and while the movie is respectful enough in following the outlines of her plot, by its nature it broadens every climax and necessarily omits those refinements and qualifications of perception that reach the reader through the mind of the omniscient, invisible narrator. The subject—the interweaving of the lives of a large number of passengers of different nationalities on a German steamer plying between Vera Cruz and Bremerhaven in the early nineteen-thirties—remains the same, but the theme, which is, in crude terms, that life is a mug's game, sure to end badly, late or soon, is radically modified, and I suspect that some of the more ardent of Miss Porter's devotees will damn the movie as a wanton vulgarization of the original work. To this I'd be inclined to answer "Fiddledeedee," for Stanley Kramer, who produced and directed the picture from a screenplay by Abby Mann, hasn't really attempted a faithful translation of Miss Porter's grim indictment of the human species; instead, and most wisely, he has used it as the basis for a smashing melodrama—one that should cause its audiences to exclaim again and again, "How exciting!" or "How awful!" or "How funny!" but rarely (I hope) "How true!"

The chief glory of the picture is its enormous cast, the most notable luminaries of which are Simone Signoret,

Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Lee Marvin, Elizabeth Ashley, George Segal, Michael Dunn, José Greco, Charles Korvin, and Heinz Rühmann. Mr. Kramer has directed them with extraordinary skill; I particularly admired the fact that, in spite of the swift pace of the innumerable short scenes that make up the picture,



he has been willing to let his camera dwell at length, almost without moving, upon the highly intelligent faces of his performers. The camera is a pitilessly perspicacious instrument, and when it has a pretty but empty face to look at, the emptiness is sure to obliterate the prettiness. In many of our Hollywood pictures, it must be kept constantly, nervously, darting to and away from the stars, for fear of betraying them, but when it has the likes of Simone Signoret and Vivien Leigh to look at, it does well to dawdle. Oskar Werner, who played the young German entomologist in Truffaut's "Jules and Jim," is fantastically good in the role of the ship's doctor; since I am making this my week for prediction, let me predict that he is on the way to becoming one of the biggest of our box-office stars. (Let me also predict that, as a serious actor, he will survive this fate.) Mr. Werner aside, I single out for special praise Michael Dunn, who plays the most philosophical of dwarfs; George Segal, who plays a bad-tempered young American artist and achieves the rare feat of making us believe that he actually *does* have a talent for drawing; Elizabeth Ashley, who plays his troubled mistress; and Lee Marvin, who plays a tongue-tied, consummately obtuse ballplayer. The director of photography for "Ship of Fools" was Ernest Laszlo, and the lively musical accompaniment was composed by Ernest Gold.

"CASANOVA '70" is an attractive Italian comedy, directed by Mario Monicelli (who also directed "The Big Deal on Madonna Street" and "The Organizer") and starring Marcello Mastroianni, supported by such beauties in their young bloom as Virna Lisi, Michèle Mercier, Marisa Mell, Seyna Seyn, Yolanda Modio, and Moira Orfei. It's a blessedly modest picture, with no other ambition than to keep us smiling—oh, a chuckle or even a short, muted yock is acceptable

We lost 30,000 readers after our first issue. 51,000 after the second. Then the third issue hit the stands.

That one only cost us 36,000. Things were looking up.

Our problem was, we had a very odd kind of publication. It was either a very small Sunday newspaper, or a very large newsweekly.

And, for a lot of people, that was a mixture that wasn't easy to take.

If what they expected from a Sunday newspaper

was several hundred retail ads, half a dozen special sections and a few pages of funnies, they weren't going to get it from what we offered.

And if what they were looking for in a newsweekly was a lot of fancy writing and startling headlines, all mixed up with a large helping of opinion, they wouldn't find that either.

What we did have, however, was what we thought were the good parts of both kinds of journalism. From our newspaper set-up came honest, unbiased reporting. And size. (Which meant that we'd have room to deal with a story quite fully.) And speed. (The articles might be as much as two

days more current than anything they'd find in a newsweekly.)

And with our newsweekly stance we could offer them something different from the usual "who, what, where" of conventional newspaper writing. Instead of just telling what happened, we took a look behind the news. Interpreted it. And gave some idea of what the whole thing meant.

By the time we levelled off, we found we had a hard core of 600,000 readers who'd developed a taste for our new kind of mixture. (Important readers. Their average income was almost twice as high as the best of the newsweeklies.)

In June '64 we were up to 800,000.

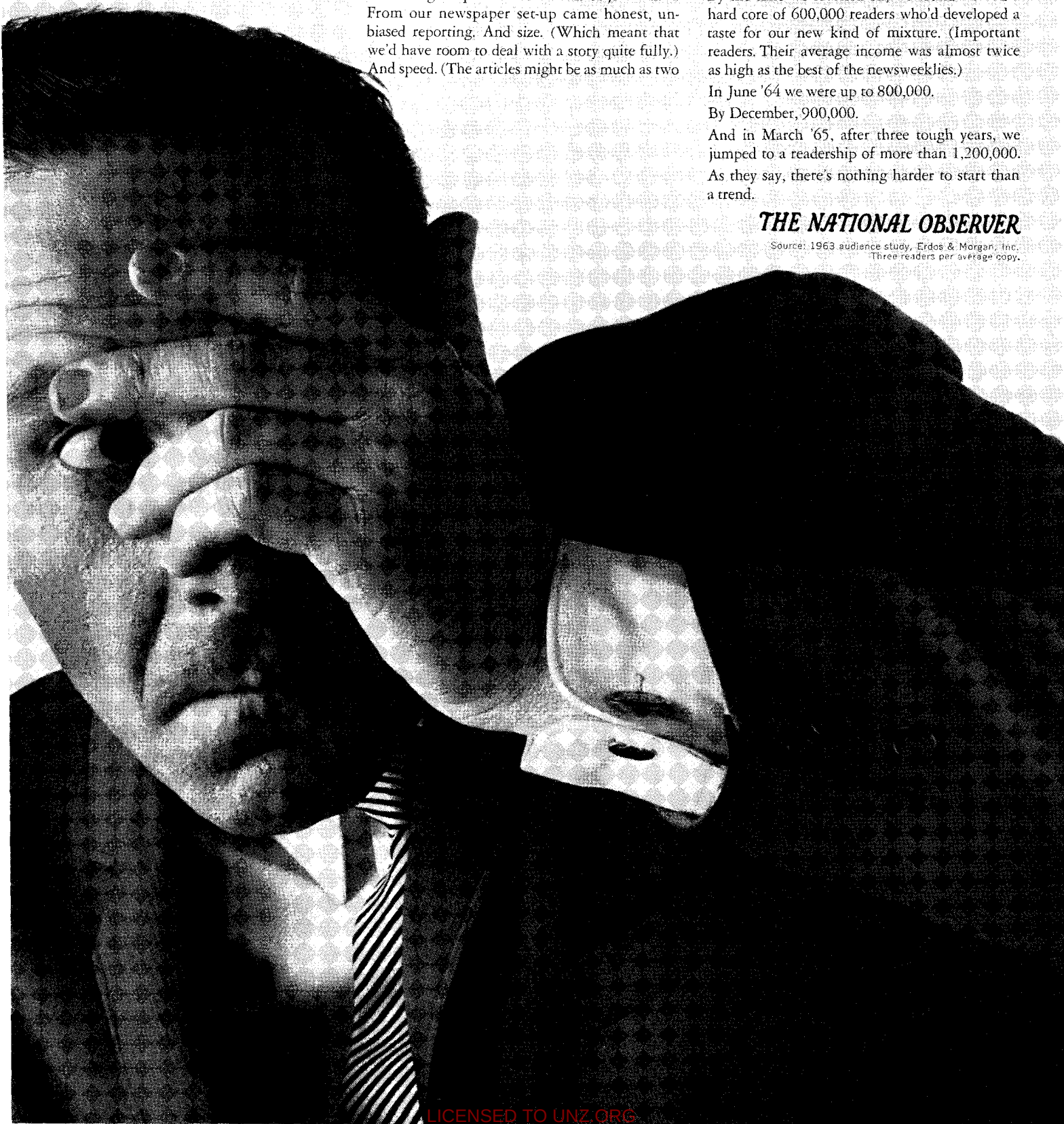
By December, 900,000.

And in March '65, after three tough years, we jumped to a readership of more than 1,200,000.

As they say, there's nothing harder to start than a trend.

THE NATIONAL OBSERVER

Source: 1963 audience study, Erdos & Morgan, Inc.
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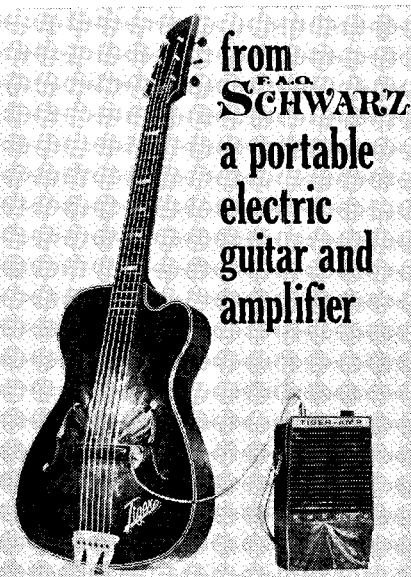
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Penthouse Gallery
485 Madison Ave. at 52nd St., N.Y.C.

from time to time, but the desired effect is a continuous, pleased smile, and this is exactly what it won from me. The plot sounds unpromising, so bear in mind as I unfold a sample corner of it that the hero is played by Mastroianni, who at this stage of his career would probably find it hard not to make Jack the Ripper seem a charming rake. Our contemporary Casanova, an Army officer attached to NATO, finds women so easy a prey that, jaded in mind and body, he can no longer complete his conquests unless they happen to be accompanied by some threat of mortal danger. He consults a dotty psychoanalyst, who recommends that he solve the problem of his impotence by abandoning sex altogether; the solution, radical as it is, works fairly well, except that now and again our hero is thrown by chance into the presence of a desirable woman at a particularly risky moment and is irresistibly tempted to resume his old ways. If the picture is but a series of variations on this one not very substantial jest, the dialogue is often witty, the action, in the fashionable "Tom Jones" manner, is slam-bang and outrageous, the settings show off Italy at its most romantic, and landscape and peoplescape are bathed in a festive, vinous light. It is enough.

THE second "Harlow" of the season is an infinitesimal improvement on the first, which was terrible. What my old hero Joe Levine saw in the recent biography of Jean Harlow by Irving Shulman—a disgusting book, disgustingly written—I don't know and can't deduce from the picture, which owes little to Shulman, or even to the ascertainable facts of Miss Harlow's short, unhappy life, and nearly everything to a simple-minded, soap-operatic script by John Michael Hayes. Nor do I know what made Mr. Levine think that Carroll Baker could play the part of Harlow. As we behold her on the screen, she is a thin, chaste, lachrymose, scratchy-voiced, and altogether unvoluptuous creature, surrounded by actors—Angela Lansbury, Raf Vallone, Peter Lawford, Red Buttons, Martin Balsam—who are every bit as ill-cast and uncomfortable as she is. The time of the picture is supposed to be the nineteen-thirties, and it's symptomatic of the haste and muddle out of which the picture came that the automobiles which have been used to create a sense of the past are in most cases years older than they should have been. Bad enough to irritate ordinary movie fans, but to get classic-car buffs up in arms—! —BRENDAN GILL



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LETTER FROM LONDON

IT seemed in a way right to many English that Adlai Stevenson should die over here among them, since they had always felt such a special admiration and affection for him. He had widened and educated their conception of America, and they never forgot it. The news of his death came as a shock and a real sense of loss to all sorts of people, particularly because many of them had sat comfortably in their armchairs only two evenings before watching their old friend appear on the television program "Panorama" to answer questions about the American predicament in South Vietnam. It was



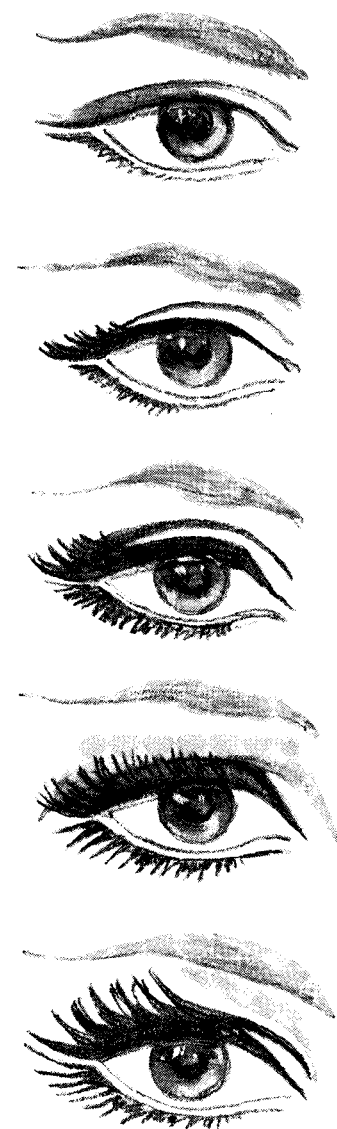
noticed that he looked tired and far more worn than we remembered him last. Invited to comment on the latest British attempt to get negotiations going—the somewhat forlorn one-man mission of Mr. Harold Davies, the Labour M.P., whose return empty-handed from Hanoi does not seem to have caused any disappointment here, since nobody appeared to expect anything more cheering—he pointed out gently how many times the United States had tried unsuccessfully along the same lines. Perhaps he might have been able, if anyone could, to do a convincing job of explanation, though it would be difficult indeed to dispel the cloud of anxious gloom that is growing here as the horrible war itself keeps on growing. It has become the sombre, worrying background for everyone this exceptionally dispiriting summer, which delivers day after day of chill, sunless weather, along with matching news from Washington and Vietnam.

THE most talked-of new plays in an interesting theatrical season are by Harold Pinter and John Osborne, both productions arousing violent discussion and enthusiasm or dislike. Nobody, even if repelled by Pinter's play, seems to deny that it sets him head and shoulders above everybody else writing for the English stage today, as the superior technician, the superb carpenter of seemingly aimless non sequiturs into structures that cunningly interlock and reveal. "The Homecoming," now in the repertory at the Aldwych, acted by the Royal Shakespeare Company, is a hilarious, outrageous, unsatisfying play about odious people who begin in Act I by being wonderfully

real but end as plain incredible. Unlike "The Caretaker," which was about fragmented human beings' efforts to connect, these characters get one another's messages and numbers only too well. As soon as the young English professor of philosophy returns after some successful years on an American campus to visit his sordid London home, a household without women, where his brutal old father snarls and bickers with his two brothers and his crushed, colorless taxi-driver uncle, there is instant recognition between the dominant males of the family and the returning son's enigmatic young wife. The sire and his two sons spot the harlot under the skin of the professor's lady.

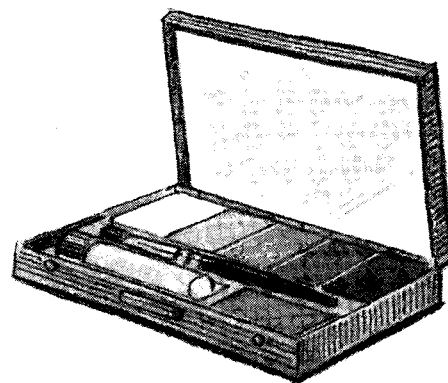
As acquiescent as a woman in a dream, the wife signals demure acceptance of the suggestion that she shall become the shared woman of her relatives, and a family money-maker as well, in a cozy little Soho flat where one of her brothers-in-law, a bright young chap in the prostitution racket, proposes to set her up. The philosopher husband knocks out his pipe, puts on his raincoat, and returns alone to the campus, their three children, the swimming pool, the yellow cabs, and other itemized pleasures of American civilization. Wicked old Europe, it would seem, has won again. This preposterous fable, or whatever it is, has been dazzlingly directed by Peter Hall and is beautifully acted all around, particularly by Paul Rogers as the father and Ian Holm (also appearing as a memorable Henry V in the Aldwych season) as the dandified little spiv son with a sharp line in talk. Audiences on a provincial tryout tour were reportedly excessively shocked by the play, and so are some people right here.

Because John Osborne's play, "A Patriot for Me," deals with homosexuality, it was refused a public-showing license by the Lord Chamberlain and is at the Royal Court for a short season, playing to audiences transformed for the occasion, by the payment of token subscriptions, into members of a private club. It deals at far too wordy length (three and a half hours), and using rapid cinematic technique, with the real-life case of Colonel Alfred Redl, who was an outstanding career officer in Franz Josef's Imperial Army and rose to be head of Austro-Hungarian Intelligence before he was unmasked as a homosexual who had been



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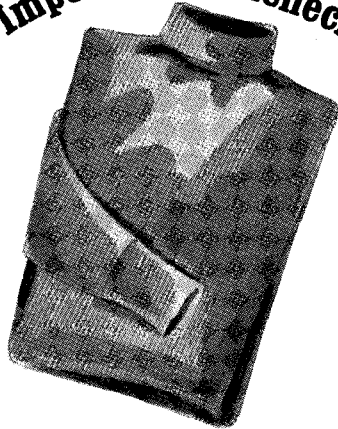
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blackmailed by the observant Russians into acting as their well-paid counter-spy. Osborne has given a Merry Widowish setting of uniforms, gypsy bands, kiss-the-hand, and sabre duels to a serious moral tale, which could equally well be modern, of a man who destroyed himself and helped destroy his country because he insisted on remaining true to the nature he was born with. Maximilian Schell plays Colonel Redl excellently as perhaps he was—a rigid, limited man following henlike the chalk line that leads to the empty room and the revolver on the table. The knockout role is that of George Devine as the baron-hostess, well-corseted and blazing with diamonds, at the annual transvestite ball in Vienna, where all the little Oriental houris and powdered marquises turn out to be men—the brilliantly managed, astonishing scene that is the talk of London and the reason, no doubt, that the Lord Chamberlain exercised his ban. The critics were sharply divided in liking or disliking, and even in interpreting, the play, viewing it either as a searingly frank denunciation of homosexuality, which some of its outbursts certainly are, or as an attack on a social system that can drive underground and finally sacrifice an able servant of the state. The subject is of particular interest here at the moment, the House of Lords having recently shown more true liberal tolerance than the Commons in its debates on the necessity of passing legislation to remove adult male relationships from the shadows of prosecution and the blackmailer. The most scathing review of the play was that of Mary McCarthy, writing as guest critic in the *Observer*, the Sunday paper for which John Osborne's wife, Penelope Gilliatt, normally does the theatre reviews. Miss McCarthy laid about her in uninhibited style, saying that Osborne was a playwright without real ideas who "writes by ear," not intellect, that the work was a "tiresome . . . banal . . . silly charade," mostly dully acted (she excepted George Devine's splendid cigar-smoking dowager), and apparently designed as a vehicle for "a large number of homosexual actors"—or perhaps, she added, "normal actors who could 'pass' for homosexuals." The last observation was hastily and politely qualified editorially in the next Sunday's *Observer*. Kenneth Tynan has now followed up with an angry attack on Miss McCarthy.

FOR weeks on end, the list of best-sellers was unusually topped by a work on botany by an eighty-eight-

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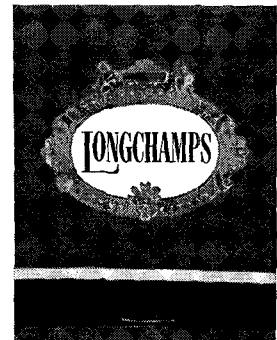


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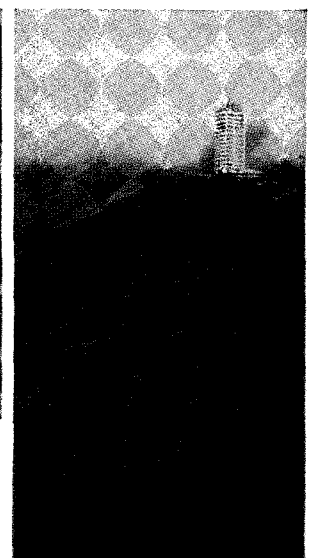
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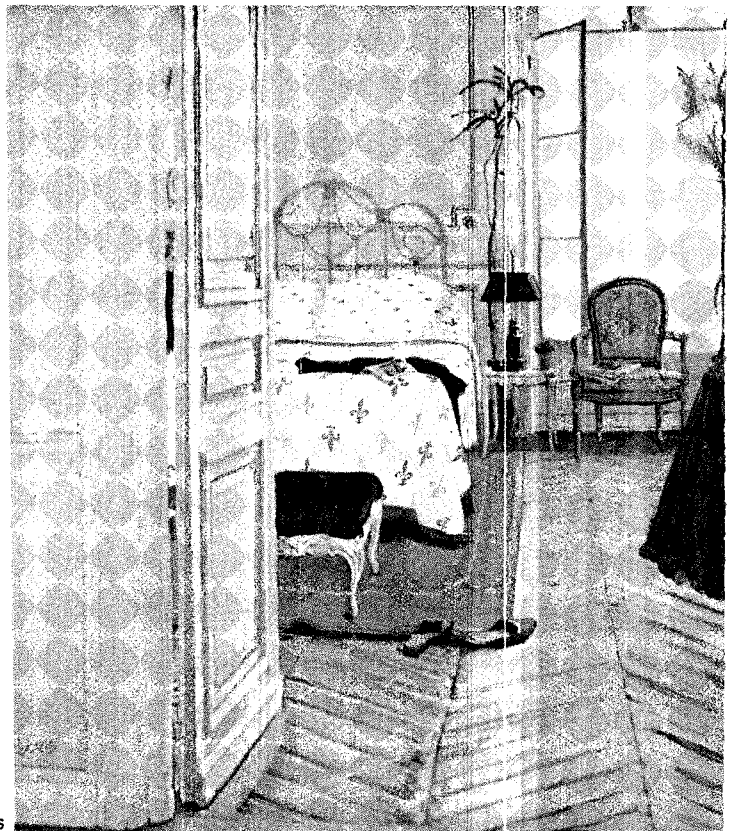


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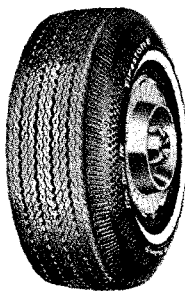
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FROM FIRESTONE

year-old clergyman, which until recently had beaten the latest John Le Carré thriller and a book by one of the Beatles. "The Concise British Flora in Colour," by the Reverend William Keble Martin, has now dropped back into second place probably only because the first edition, of fifty thousand copies, is exhausted and a second fifty thousand are printing. The history of the book's success and of its author is a delightful one. For sixty years, during which Mr. Martin was a hard-up, hard-working parish priest, first in the industrial North and then in Devonshire, he gave up every infrequent moment of spare time to collecting, studying, and drawing wild flowers. Sometimes he waited patiently for twenty or twenty-five years until he could search

out a missing specimen to fill a gap in his sketchbooks, often drawing it quickly, before it wilted, on the train going home. His sure hand, which still draws so accurately and delicately that it is impossible to pick out the early, youthful pages in the book, is apparently as fabulously durable as his memory, which could lead a party of fellow-botanists unerringly to the site of a rare orchis, thought to be extinct but observed there by him forty years earlier. When the "Flora" was finished, several publishers refused it regretfully, on the ground that the color reproduction would make the volume too costly. The Ebury Press and Michael Joseph, a publishing combination, finally hit on the technical process of electronic engraving, which has produced this remarkable book to sell at the astonishing price of thirty-five shillings, or just under five dollars. Each page is a delight, with its pale wash of watercolor depicting a close pattern of sprays of flowers (over fourteen hundred species), and their seed-heads, leaves, and stems, which sometimes invade each other as if growing in their native hedgerows—Shakespeare's bank whereon the wild thyme blows ("*Thymus serpyllum* L. In E. England. Flo. June-Aug.") as it must have been before over-enthusiastic amateur botanists and chemical sprays began to thin it. The author, who still lives in Devon but now only occasionally preaches a sermon, it seems, contributes a humble preface in which he celebrates the joys of botanizing as though it were a happy marriage. It is an interest, he writes, that "stays with us to the end of our pilgrimage," adding, "To fulfill it properly, we need good boots, a compass, and a companion, and must face the thorns and steep places, the dense clouds and sharp

mountain thunderstorms, or the tides and island crossings." After sixty years of hard trudging, unrecognized except by fellow-scientists, he is being hailed as the author of an English classic, a little masterpiece of loving amateur observation, like Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne." The original drawings are to be bequeathed to the British Museum to inspire and delight botanists of the future.

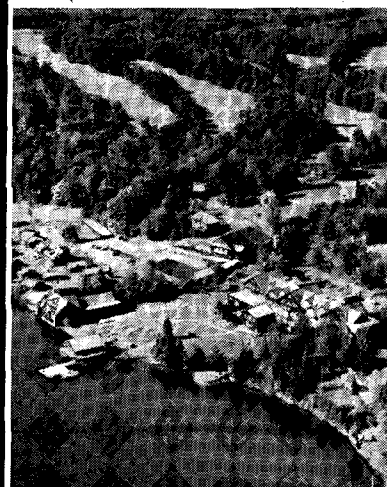
THE opera event of the season and of many seasons was Covent Garden's triumphant production, for six performances, of Arnold Schoenberg's great unfinished work "Moses and Aaron," sung in English. So formidably difficult to perform that it has been given only twice before—in Zurich and



Berlin—it had been preceded by many months of preparation and mounting excitement, reams of scholarly discussion by every serious journal's music critic, and, finally, a sort of teach-in at the Royal Opera House to take the music lovers who turned up for it over some of the hurdles of Schoenberg's dodeca-phonic score, the metaphysical subtleties of his theme, and the enormous problems of presenting the opera. The result of all this patient labor was that an austere religious work of genius became a stunning smash hit. It may be that many in the wildly enthusiastic audiences that packed Covent Garden came along to see the much publicized spectacle of the production by Peter Hall (lent for the occasion by the Royal Shakespeare Company) and, in particular, the orgy scenes around the golden calf, which were rumored to be strong meat for the old Garden. Operagoers who went in some trepidation and doubt about their ability to understand the atonal complexities of the score, however, were carried away by the work's enormous dramatic power and beauty. Thanks to the months of grinding rehearsals exacted by Georg Solti, Covent Garden's admirable musical director, and Douglas Robinson, its chorus master, the great, surging choral movements and the scenes between the two solo protagonists were made to sound as easy as Schoenberg himself explained they should be.

The two-act opera is a spiritual argument between Moses and his brother Aaron on the absolute nature of the infinite God who speaks to the prophet out of the burning bush, commanding him to lead his people to freedom. The role of Moses, taken nobly by Forbes Robinson, is a spoken one, declaimed in *Sprechstimme*, to emphasize his

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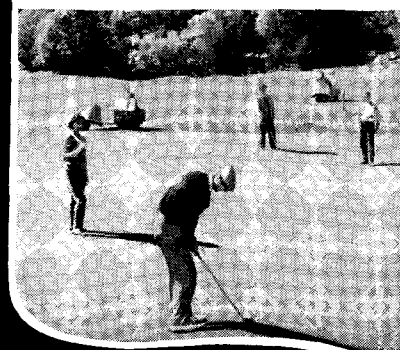


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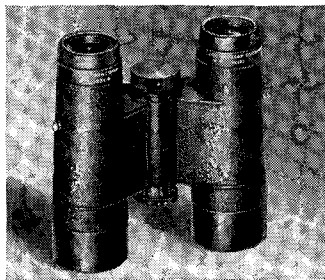
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stern, unflowery concept of freedom only through union with God, which was Schoenberg's own. As the fluent charmer Aaron, who thinks that the people can be led to the truth more readily by bread and miraculous circuses, Richard Lewis sings the exuberant melodic utterances most beautifully. Mr. Hall handles his crowd—the third protagonist in this allegory of the human condition—with superb inventiveness. The golden-calf scenes are genuinely horrible, with sacrificial beasts led or carried, long goatly legs dangling, across the stage, which is soon awash with simulated scarlet gore and tossing with naked limbs in a manner to *épater* the boxes indeed. Because Hitler interrupted the composition of the opera and Schoenberg departed into exile (and rejoined the Jewish faith) in 1933, the music for the third act, which was to show Moses triumphant, was never written. Yet the existing marvellous final curtain, which leaves the question still posed, man still trying to find the answer, is surely the right one. Moses, in despair at his inarticulate failure to make his erring children understand, reacts in anger like a human parent. Smashing the tablets he has brought down from the mountain, he sinks to the ground to the accompaniment of a long, anguished diminuendo from the violins, crying harshly, "O Word, Word, Word that I lack!" One of the touches of poetry in this truly great production is the extinguishing of all lights before each act—in the lovely old house, packed to the top of each rose-red tier, and on the stage, and in the orchestra pit, too—so that the curtains silently part for one moment on the mystery and the thick, unanswering darkness of the wilderness itself.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

EDGAR'S TYPO. The July FBI Law Enforcement Bulletin quotes chief J. Edgar Hoover as saying, "We would hope that a record-breaking summer can be averted." An FBI "lawfulness" should have been of strife and **LAWFULNESS** spokesman later confirmed that "lawlessness." He blamed a printer.

—Chicago Daily News.

Everybody looks for a scapegoat.

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK
[From "A Short History of India," by
W. H. Moreland and Atul Chandra
Chatterjee]

The prosperity of a peasant empire depends mainly on the peasants.



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THE RACE TRACK

Twinkle, Twinkle, Pia Star

PIA STAR is still shining bright. Running the same sort of race he ran in the Suburban on the Fourth of July, he won the Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday. It was a thrilling and well-contested struggle, but it had a bitter moment for the crowd—the failure of Kelso, everybody's idol, who finished third. As soon as he was recognized on his way to the paddock, he was greeted with a burst of enthusiastic applause from the stand (it was

his first public appearance at the Big A this season), and the clapping continued intermittently until he went into the starting gate. I've never heard such an ovation for a horse before a race, and, if you must know, I go back to Man o' War. Nor have I ever seen Kelso looking fitter or more ready to run. It was hard to realize that he is eight years old and that he won the Brooklyn in 1961, the year Pia Star was foaled. Curiously, though the public made Kelso a hot favorite in the betting, three of the four jockeys riding against him declared that Pia Star was the one they'd have to beat, and every horseman I met assured me that Roman Brother was the one most likely to win. As a matter of fact, Roman Brother was on his toes and had a shade the best of the start, but Quadrangle, fresh from running with those speedsters at Hollywood Park, headed him in a few strides and was quickly joined by Pia Star. For nearly a mile, they went stride for stride, and then, as they swung into the stretch, Pia Star drew out and Roman Brother passed the tiring Quadrangle. As for Kelso, he was away slowly and never settled down to galloping with his accustomed smooth, effortless stride. Last for half of the mile and a quarter, he showed a flash of power on the turn for home and I said to myself, "Here he comes," but he was unable to keep it going. Valenzuela said afterward, "When I moved on Kelso, he came on good and I thought we'd pick them up, but he tired. I guess the weight did it." After all, he was giving four years and eleven pounds to Pia Star, Roman Brother, and Quadrangle. It was too large an order.

ELSEWHERE, it was also an afternoon of surprise and disappointment. At Delaware Park, Cordially, winner of the Mother Goose Stakes,

finished second, four lengths behind Juanita, in the Delaware Oaks. Peak Performance was third. Marshua, who has had hip trouble off and on, did not run. At Monmouth Park, Eurasian was made a heavy favorite for the Choice Stakes on his performance in the Lamp-



lighter there a fortnight before, but he reared at the start and wound up second to Convex, an 8-1 shot. At Hollywood Park, neither Hospitality, the hope of the East, nor Royal House, the local favorite, was in the picture in the Juvenile Championship Stakes. It was won by Port Wine, with Ri Tux second and Flame Tree third, and it netted C. V. Whitney, who owns Port Wine, \$111,500.

THOUGH Our Michael, a burly brown colt, lacks the air of quality you look for in a prospective champion, he's a runner. Giving big weight to nine other two-year-olds, he made them look very small indeed in the Great American at Aqueduct the other afternoon. He'll have a big following for the Sapling Stakes at Monmouth next weekend.

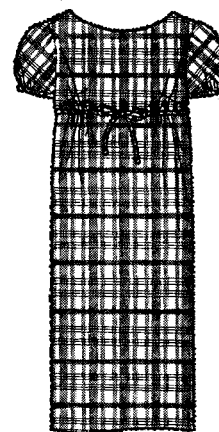
GROUND was broken for the new Belmont Park one morning last week. The ceremony took place near the spot where the horses used to come from the paddock onto the main track, and it was a banquet for the press photographers. They had the time of their lives posing the officers and directors of the New York Racing Association, who were wearing white construction helmets for the occasion and carrying bright new shovels. There was also a steam shovel to do the ground breaking; it took up two scoops of earth, and a man standing beside me, who knows the lay of the land, said that if it had gone down for a third time it would have broken into a water main. The new Belmont will probably open its gates in the spring of 1968. It should be worth waiting for.

—AUDAX MINOR

He later held positions in the various government agencies and is now employed in the Bureau of Mines. . . . His research encumbers many areas including plant pathology, soil microbiology and electronics.—*Newsletter of the Society for Industrial Microbiology.*

Wherever you look, there he is, with his tubes and wires.

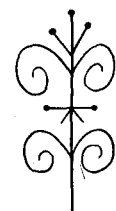
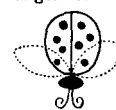
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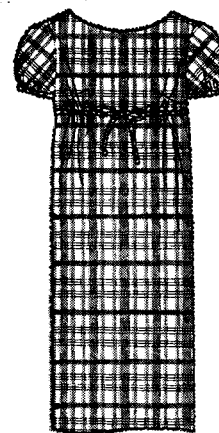
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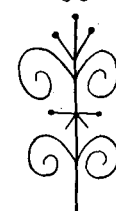
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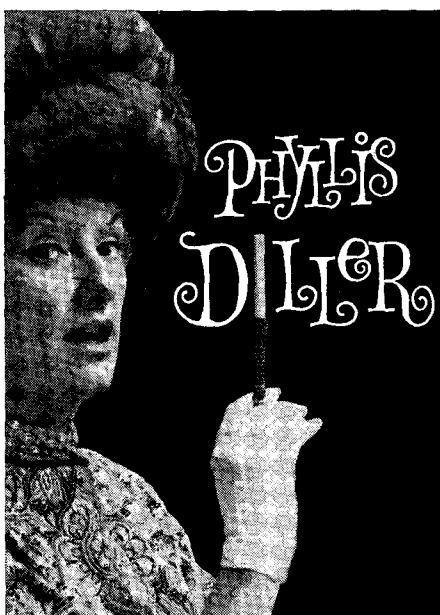
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz Concerts

IT has become increasingly difficult to hear Bobby Hackett—the great, no-school cornettist—on the countless mood-music recordings he has restricted himself to in the past ten years. One has, rather, simply been conscious—wherever there is a radio, a jukebox, or Muzak—of a sweet-Leilani flow, of a free balm for the thunder of urban living. These pastoral sounds have provoked myriad critical mutterings to the effect that Hackett has abandoned Jazz for the market place. But he has not; by appearing infrequently in concerts and night clubs and at recordings, he has husbanded his improvisational energies. As a result, each of his jazz outings has been telling and precise and even beautiful—a reminder that he has no peers on his instrument and very few on its twin, the trumpet. This was made plain again a week or so ago when Hackett, in company with Pee Wee Russell, Dave Frishberg (piano), George Tucker (bass), and Oliver Jackson (drums), gave the sixth Jazz in the Garden concert at the Museum of Modern Art. It was a superb evening; even the soft rain that persisted throughout the thirteen numbers seemed like applause.

Hackett and Russell have worked together off and on since the late thirties, and they complement one another perfectly. Hackett now plays the way Bix Beiderbecke, his chief model, might if he were alive. He has rounded off Beiderbecke's celebrated anvil tone, modernized his rhythmic awkwardness, and decorated these alterations with a series of designs that make each solo wholly original and well-nigh flawless. Indeed, it is hard to savor all of a Hackett solo at one hearing, so subtle and trim are his runs (though fully as complex as Dizzy Gillespie's, they are issued in a *sotto-voce*, almost apologetic fashion), his daring, light-footed intervals, his new-velvet tone, his dynamics (a loud Hackett note would be considered just a stout breath by any other cornettist-trumpeter), his way of accenting unexpected notes and only nodding pleasantly at what precedes and follows them, and his rhythmic agility, which permits him to alter a steady beat into a complex pattern of mazurka advances and retreats. But Hackett is not a miniaturist or a dandy. He matches the emotions of an Arm-

strong or an Eldridge or a Gillespie through unflagging economy and grace and invention. A *working* jazz soloist is irresistible.

Russell, too, is indefatigable, but whereas Hackett is a masterly logician, Russell is an incorruptible idealist-adventurer. This was delightfully clear last week in the ensemble passages, in which Hackett quietly prodded and rearranged the melody while Russell swung carelessly back and forth between high pipes and muffled, Holland Tunnel *chalmereau* sounds. Most collective ensembles are predicated on head-banging,

but there was always open space between Hackett and Russell as they moved neck and neck on close and parallel courses. This was particularly true of "St. Louis Blues," of "Pennies from Heaven," and of the opening of "In a Mellotone," in which they played without the rhythm section, giving the impression of two people jogging along slightly above the ground. Their solos were equally complementary. Hackett's seemed already at least a second or third draft (he was, though, a little soupy in a slow "Man with a Horn," and he *did* split three notes during the evening) and Russell's were the work of a soldier of fortune. He had some bad scrapes. In "'S Wonderful," he got trapped in a terribly crowded middle-register passage (the notes like bobbing heads) but finally extricated himself with a searching, hopeful off-note wail that found the right concluding note, and in a fast blues he survived a cascade of wild, sliding phrases that were as far out—and twice as funny—as any of the heresies of the "new-thing" movement. He also got off several heart-turning *chalmereau* passages that seemed to pass directly from his marrow into the listener's. The rhythm section was exemplary. Frishberg is an odd, centerless pianist who has heard everyone from Luis Russell to Tommy Flanagan, and Tucker, a sound bassist, played a marvellous bowed parody of "Summertime." Jackson took a handful of sensible breaks and a good solo in "Swing That Music." Best of all, the concert was filmed by N.B.C. television; in time, those of us who were on hand can indulge in the old sport of miracle-testing.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT



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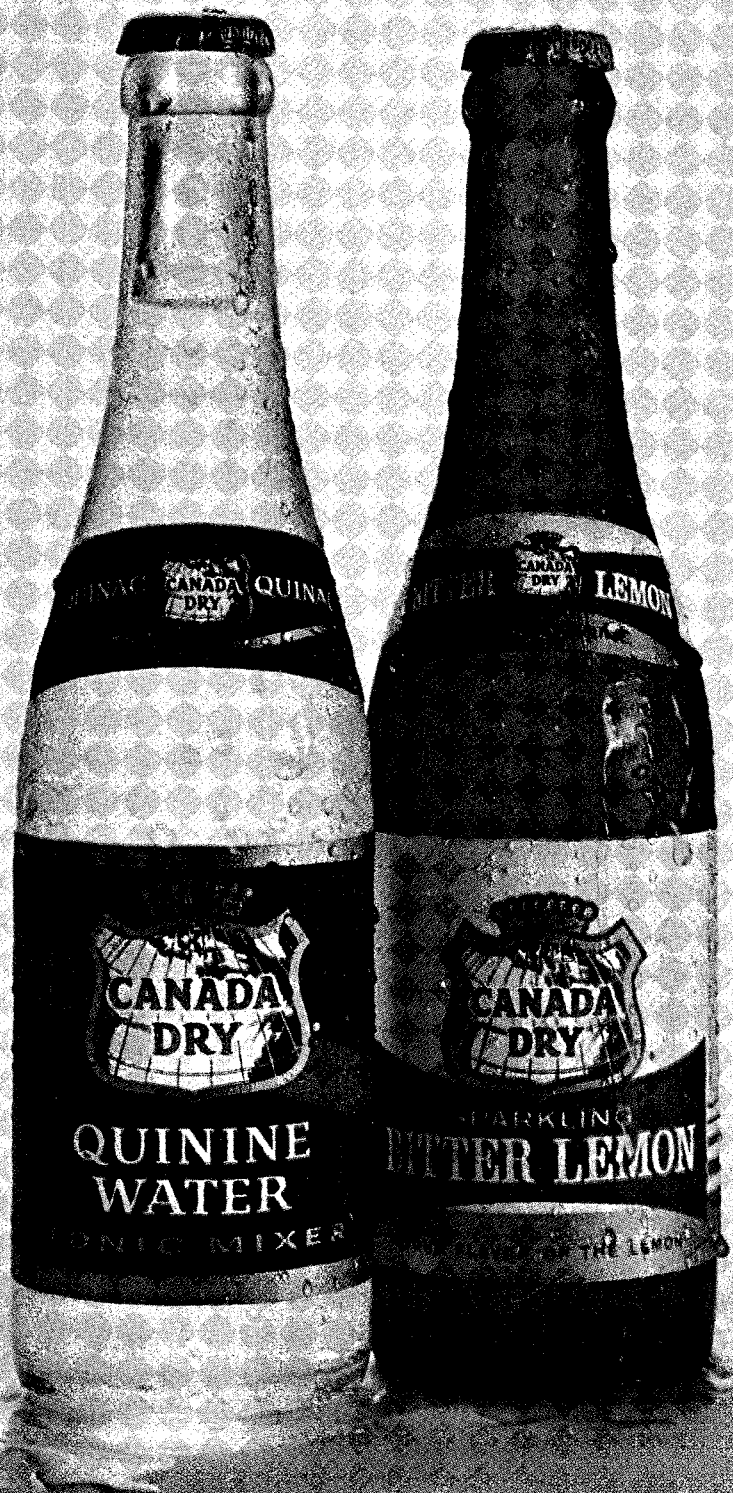
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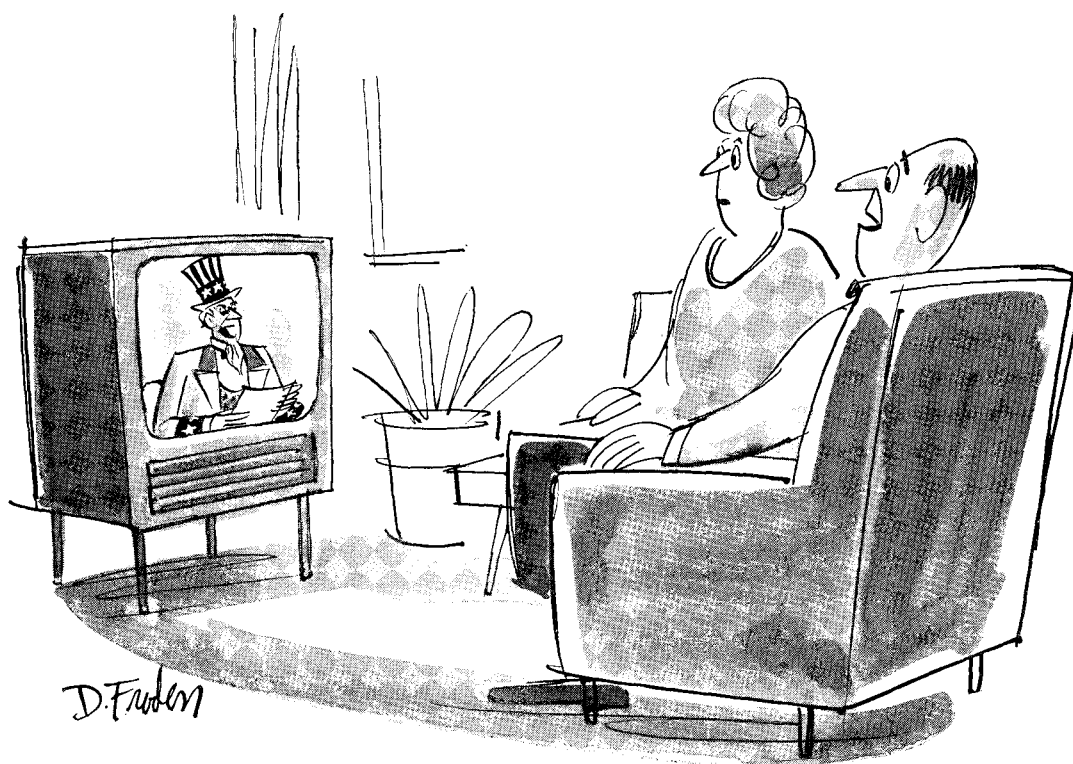
The speaker, a thirty-year-old drug addict in central Harlem, is quoted in "Dark Ghetto: Dilemmas of Social Power" (Harper & Row), by Dr. Kenneth Clark, a psychologist, the head of the Social Dynamics Research Institute at City College, and the research director of Harlem's Northside Center for Child Development. Dr. Clark uses the techniques of the social scientist, but what he writes is, "in a sense, no report at all, but rather the anguished cry of its author." For Clark grew up in Harlem, has spent much of his time there, shares the anger of many of its residents, and has himself been bruised against the barriers, both inside the ghetto and outside it, in the way of those who try to change it. For two years, Clark was chief project consultant and chairman of the board of directors of Harlem Youth Opportunities Unlimited (HARYOU) during its planning stage. Last year, when he fought to prevent the political conquest of HARYOU by Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, Clark was thoroughly defeated, and he resigned. In the ghetto, he observes grimly in his introduction, the involved observer is vulnerable. "He must be exposed at the same time that he seeks to protect himself and to protect his role of observer. He must run the risk of personal attacks, disappointments, personal hurts and frustrations, at the same time that he maintains a disciplined pre-occupation with his primary goal of understanding." However, the social scientist remains in control throughout "Dark Ghetto." This is not a polemic but a sharp-edged analysis of life in central Harlem, and its source is a six-hundred-and-twenty-page survey, "Youth in the Ghetto," that HARYOU published in 1964 and that summarizes

Clark's findings while he was the agency's project director. In "Dark Ghetto," he uses that survey as a point of departure, distilling its facts and trying to work more deeply into the "dilemmas of social power" that exist among those whom Gunnar Myrdal has called "the underclass."

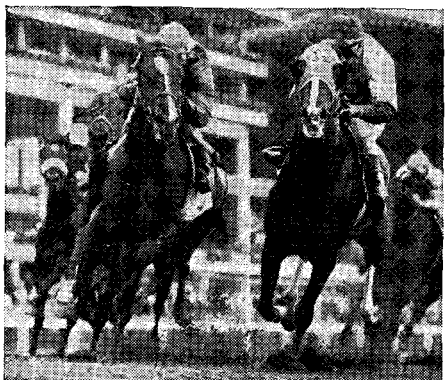
Central Harlem is bounded by 110th Street on the south, by Third Avenue on the east, by the Harlem River on the northeast, and on the west and northwest by parks bordering St. Nicholas, Morningside, and Manhattan Avenues. There are the usual numbing statistics in the book—the high rates of delinquency, drug addiction, crime, disease, mental illness, unemployment, and housing decay—and there is also a kind of casually lethal statistic that reflects the area's crowded streets and small, ugly "recreational" space: "Far more children and young adults are killed by cars in Harlem [each year] than in the rest of the city (6.9 per 100,000 population compared to 4.2 per 100,000 for New York City as a whole)." At the core of ghetto existence is the interplay between its mutilations of spirit and body and its resiliency. On the one hand, Clark says, is "institutionalized . . . chronic, self-perpetuating pathology. . . . Everywhere there are signs of fantasy, decay, abandonment, and defeat. The only constant characteristic is a

sense of inadequacy." That sense of inadequacy is all the more painful in a black ghetto because "the oppressed can never be sure whether their failures reflect personal inferiority or the fact of color. This persistent and agonizing conflict dominates their lives." On the other hand, "perhaps even more extraordinary than the high rate of disease and death is the fact that so many human beings do survive." And many do more than just endure. As Ralph Ellison persistently emphasizes, strengths as well as scars are produced by ghetto styles of life—ways of wit and energetic imagination that mock despair and bring the Negro a hard-won pride at not having accepted the white man's concept of the Negro.

But for most Negroes the ghetto is a dead end. One out of every seven or eight adults in Harlem is unemployed, and the unemployment rate for young Negroes is double the rate for young people in the rest of the city, and by 1970 there will be forty per cent more Negroes between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one in Harlem than there were in 1960. The jobs that exist are of low status and are the most vulnerable to automation. "Only seven per cent of Harlem males are professionals, technicians, managers, proprietors, or officials." The future is no less grim for the children of Harlem. By



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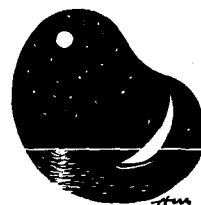
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the time they reach the eighth grade, "they are [in reading and arithmetic] about two and one-half years behind students in New York City as a whole and three years behind students in the nation as a whole."

In a chapter on education, Clark is dubious about the new forms of "determinism" that are an effect of the current emphasis on pre-school education. He considers the theory that "one cannot expect from culturally deprived children adequate educational performance in the classroom because they come from homes in which there is no stimulation for educational achievement," as well as the corollary theory that unless the "culturally deprived" child is rescued in the very early grades—the third grade is often given as the cutoff point—he may never know, let alone fulfill, his potential for learning. In refutation, Clark cites experiments in Harlem and other ghettos to prove that a child whose parents have no books can learn to read in school as quickly as a child whose parents have plenty of books. The fact is, Clark says, drawing upon the "Youth in the Ghetto" survey, that "the major deterioration in learning takes place between the third and sixth grades, not in the first and second grades. . . . This leads to the inference that underachievement is the result of an accumulation of deficiencies while in school, rather than the result of deficiencies prior to school." The reason for this is the teachers who either do not know how to teach or are convinced that ghetto children cannot learn at the same rate as others. "Children who are treated as uneducable almost invariably become uneducable."

Clark is not opposed to pre-school education, but he is afraid that overemphasis on the slum child's environmental deficiencies may make us overlook the basic remedy—smaller classes and far better teachers and curricula. This summer, more than twenty-five thousand ghetto four- and five-year-olds in New York are enrolled in Project Headstart (part of the anti-poverty program), whose object is to stimulate in such children the wish to learn, in classes with a pupil-to-teacher ratio of fifteen to one. In the third grade, unless fundamental changes are made in the school system, the ratio will be almost thirty to one. And many of the teachers will still be operating on the theory that the capacities of ghetto children, for whatever reasons, are no match for those of children of the same

grades elsewhere in the city. Clark is also convinced that there are realistic methods of integrating the schools—"by moving toward a system of educational complexes, clusters of schools for children of different age levels and ethnic backgrounds with shared activities . . . to be replaced eventually by educational parks of groups of schools on new sites." Unfortunately, Clark has little to say about the educational-park concept, and the problems of sites, transportation, and classroom groupings it involves. An analysis of the plans for it developed by Dr. Max Wolff, originator of the educational-park scheme, would be especially useful because of



Clark's own extensive studies of methods of integrating urban school systems. Dr. Wolff says that the educational park as he has conceived it (for children from the early grades through high school) is like a shopping center. "Within its own

limits," he declares, "the educational center could be quite decentralized. It could contain buildings of various sizes. Facilities for younger and older children could be kept separate. . . . Instead of a redundancy of second-rate facilities in many neighborhood schools, the very finest and most modern equipment can be provided in special-purpose areas of the center. . . . The educational center will serve all the children of the community, who will have the opportunity, some for the first time, of meeting and working with children of varying backgrounds."

For any basic change in the ghetto—in education, in housing, or in job expansion—the fundamental requirement, Clark maintains, is power. In that respect, he is in agreement with his recent adversary Livingston L. Wingate, associate of Congressman Powell and now the executive director of HARYOU-ACT (a fusion of HARYOU with the Associated Community Teams). "Multiply morality," Wingate said, as reported by the newspapers, "and the Negro stays where he is. But multiply the power two-fold, and oh God, what a difference it will make." If the ghetto is to mobilize its potential power, Clark believes, its residents must participate in decision-making. Among his proposals is the enlistment of the "generally repressed rage of the alienated" in community-action programs. Social-service projects dealing with Harlem youth can teach them how to demand and get the public services their taxes will pay for. "Local neighborhood boards of adults

and youth... could help change the patterns of community immobility and impotence by defining problems and by accepting responsibility for evaluating public and private services to the community. Such neighborhood boards would have powers of patronage from the outset—recruiting staff, providing service—but if they are to become a potent voice in the local neighborhood, patronage is not enough. They must have imagination and daring, and they must assume the risk of demanding real social change."

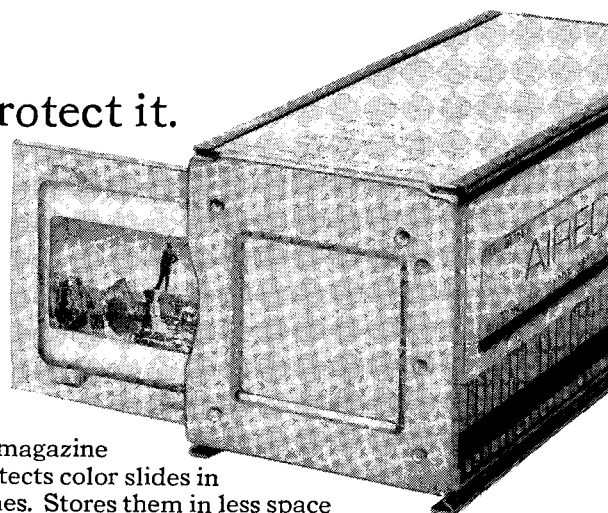
Clark, however, never explores the question of where the money is to come from. As the history of Mobilization for Youth has proved, those in political power are hardly eager to spend public funds on projects "demanding real social change." It is in this respect that Clark's argument is weak. He asserts that in the North the people of the ghetto confront "the entrenched bastions of political and economic power, and therefore the most effective instrument of change is direct contact with leadership, not sit-ins and other forms of mass protest." But if this "contact" is to be made by people without a mass political base, what reason is there to expect that the "entrenched bastions" will actually help bring about a reorganization of housing, education, and job opportunities? Here Clark, for the only time, is vague and rhetorical: "The chances for any major transformation in the ghetto's predicament are slim until the anguish of the ghetto is in some way shared not only by its victims but by the committed empathy of those who consider themselves privileged and immune to the ghetto's flagrant pathologies."

The phrase "in some way" is a sigh, not a program. Livingston Win-gate is more pragmatic: "The Negro must direct the full impact of his political strength against the political, financial, and economic forces which hold him in bondage." He can amass this political strength by utilizing "the common asset of the black ghetto"—physical cohesiveness. That physical cohesiveness is growing. As Clark observes in "Dark Ghetto," eleven metropolitan areas have Negro communities of between two hundred thousand and a million. The percentage of Negroes in those cities ranges from around fourteen in Los Angeles to around fifty-four in Washington. And in most of the metropolitan areas, and in other urban centers, the percentage keeps rising as whites move to the suburbs. The conversion of physical cohesiveness into political strength is ex-



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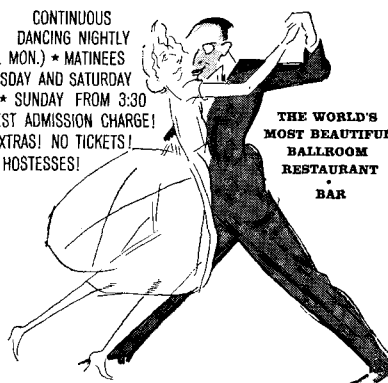


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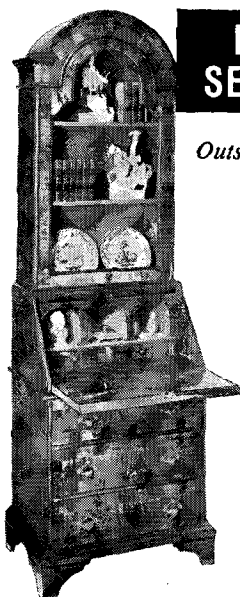
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ceedingly difficult, and it is precisely on this dilemma—inadequately explored in "Dark Ghetto"—that such groups as CORE, the Northern Student Movement, and Students for a Democratic Society are working in the North. The Negroes, as Clark points out, will need allies. But those allies now working in the ghettos to help the black poor to organize themselves are convinced that at present the greatest potential for political action is in the Negro slums themselves, because there the problems of the underclass are most exacerbated. Later, the theory goes, as automation cuts deeper into organized labor, union members who now consider themselves privileged will become allies of the Negro. Still later, organized allies may appear in the ranks of the white unemployed and under-employed. The idea may be a flawed one, but it does seem likely that such a movement would be more effective than anything Clark proposes. However, although his designs for effecting basic social change are as yet inchoate, his analysis of the present pathology of this country's dark ghettos is unparalleled for the depth of its knowledge and sensitivity.

THE need for the poor to acquire and sustain power is a persistent theme in Patricia Cayo Sexton's "Spanish Harlem: Anatomy of Poverty" (Harper & Row). A professor of sociology at New York University, Mrs. Sexton spent two years in East Harlem on research for her book. However, she is an outsider, and although she is capable of empathy with the poor, she does not write with the toughened authority and the painfully complex view from within that characterize "Dark Ghetto." Her account of what it is like to live in East Harlem is far less visceral than Clark's guide through the intricacies of central Harlem. Nevertheless, her survey is instructive, particularly in terms of "dilemmas of social power." In her preface she says, "Most problems in East Harlem seem to merge into one: How can people best be organized . . . to get enough power to demand of society what is their right—decent jobs at decent wages, decent housing and good schools, and opportunities at least equal to those enjoyed by most other Americans?"

East Harlem is not, as it happens, solely Spanish. This region, which extends from the blocks of decaying tenements that abut upper Fifth Avenue to the East River and from Ninety-

sixth Street to 130th, is inhabited not only by Puerto Ricans (forty-one per cent) but by Negroes (thirty-eight per cent) and Italians and others (twenty-one per cent). One-fourth of the Puerto Ricans are especially dark-skinned, and they pay the special price of being both black and poor. "Though Puerto Ricans tend to be racially unbiased, by mainland standards," Mrs. Sexton remarks, "the dark-skinned Puerto Ricans say they are treated as the 'lowest' in their families, and it is said that the Puerto Rican drug addict is almost always the darkest member of his family." Yet, aside from the insular Italian community, the consciousness of race in most of East Harlem smolders less than it does in more homogeneous ghettos. "The light- and dark-skinned live there, and many freely mix," Mrs. Sexton points out. East Harlem is very much an economic ghetto. The median family income is \$3,700—\$2,300 a year lower than the median for the city. (In central Harlem, it is \$3,480.) Negro unemployment in the area is fifty per cent greater than unemployment of whites in all New York, and Puerto Rican unemployment is a hundred per cent greater. Eighth-grade children in East Harlem are two full years behind in reading ability. Drug addiction, infant mortality, and other indices of ghetto compression are much higher than the city average. Like Dr. Clark, Mrs. Sexton does not wish to put the major blame for poor educational achievement in the slums on the home and parents. In East Harlem, too, it appears, "children compare favorably in their achievement until the third and fourth grades, when they begin a relative decline."

Convinced that education and living and working conditions can be improved only through organizing the community's potential power, Mrs. Sexton devotes much of her book to a report on the attempts to mobilize that power. She finds, as Clark does in central Harlem, that "religion's domain in East Harlem is still more spiritual than social." There have, however, been attempts at stimulating community action by such white, middle-class minister-residents as those in the East Harlem Protestant Parish, an organization that concerns itself with community problems, and social workers have also tried. But no mass organization of Puerto Ricans or Negroes has yet formed itself, and whites





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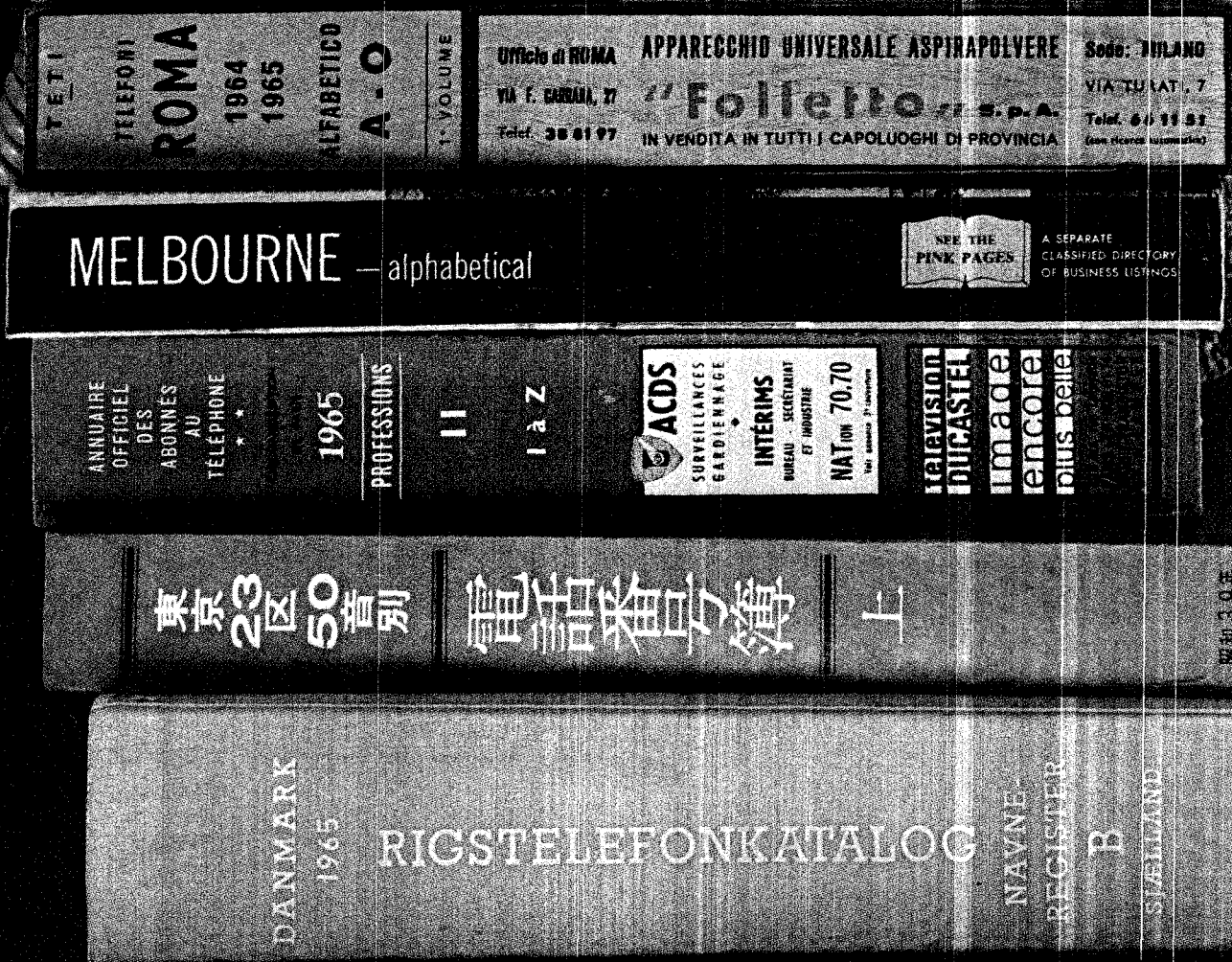
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dominate most of the organizations that do exist. "Virtually all of the top official leaders in East Harlem," Mrs. Sexton observes, "are white or very light skinned." And "most people who go to meetings in East Harlem are middle-class or professional." The poor there have not yet been widely involved in real decision-making.

Negroes and Puerto Ricans have joined in some moderately successful campaigns for social change. There have been rent strikes, and organized pressure that altered urban-renewal plans for one section of East Harlem, and a campaign—led by professional people—that brought about the middle-income Franklin Plaza cooperative deep inside the ghetto, and an after-school study club, and a public school that tried to persuade the community to take a real interest. (The school welcomed parent participation so earnestly that it became a meeting place for citizens' committees working on such issues as housing and sanitation, but when parents asked for a meeting on charges that teachers in the school were hitting children, the school administration refused.) The East Harlem Project—a joint creation of the Union and the Johnson Settlement Houses—has persuaded some of the poor to take on responsibility in such matters as organizing tenant groups and registering voters, but these attempts, mostly made from the top down, have not accomplished much basic change. "None of the projects in motion now," Mrs. Sexton says, "strikes directly at the heart of poverty—jobs, abundant jobs at decent wages."

Mrs. Sexton is in accord with what Paul Goodman has been writing; she advocates local councils "to run their own housing and education." But, again, without the political strength to force the city to agree to such autonomy, this approach is fantasy. She feels that a new breed of social worker can do a great deal for the ghetto; as for the traditional social workers: "They seldom go in for either social action or self-help. They rarely organize the poor, consult them, or encourage their initiative." Clark, too, it might be pointed out, has doubts about these social workers—the ones who consider that their main goal is to help "the client 'adjust' to his life realities. . . . This is not to say that individual therapy is not needed and cannot be effective. It is to say that such procedures are not effective where social pathology is at the root of the individual's maladjustment. . . . Relevant and human social services must dare to



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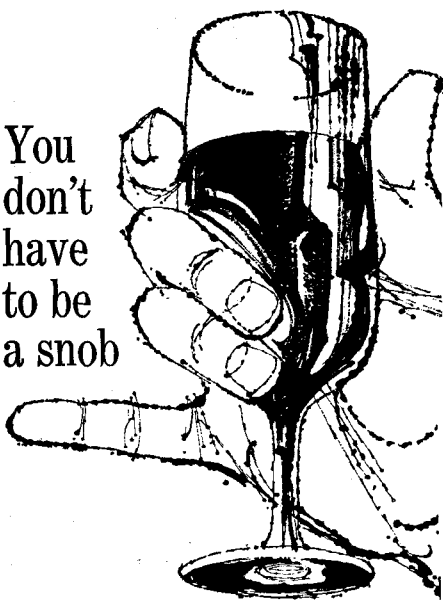
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run the risks of being a part of a real and comprehensive program of social action and social change."

More and more of the younger social workers agree with Clark. The *Times* said, in May of this year, of an Atlantic City convention of the National Association of Social Workers, "As reflected in the general sessions and forty workshops on method, the major shift in social work in the past decade has been from molding a personality to improving society. . . . Where once the jargon favored terms like 'adjust, compromise, and coördinate,' it now rings with the words 'change, manipulate, and innovate.'" As this shift accelerates, Mrs. Sexton suggests, why not apply the successful methods of the county agent to urban ghettos? Currently, five hundred county agents are employed by the Michigan State University Extension Service as agricultural community workers, and she says, "It is intriguing to speculate on the effect of one thousand urban agents (in university extension programs) working in a city like New York, which has more than twice the population of rural Michigan." Even this corps of urban agents would be inadequate, she realizes, unless they stimulated the poor to find their own leadership and to initiate their own programs for change.

The block-development scheme is another of her programs. "Block workers," she says, "to be selected from among Peace Corpsmen, community leaders, and youths, would each concentrate on one block. The worker would bring neighbors together who are faced with common problems. . . . He would search for leaders. . . . He would make new programs available to the block—nurseries, narcotics stations, health clinics, etc. To reduce control by professionals, the board of directors would be composed only of residents of East Harlem and those who have a nonprofessional interest in the block program; agencies and churches would be represented by lay members."

Even if there were hundreds of such programs and thousands of urban agents, political action would still be the essential ingredient. "With political power," Mrs. Sexton says, "the nation's six major and interrelated problems can be taken hold of: economic planning for full employment, the squalor of urban communities, education, civil rights, poverty, reapportionment." No one, though—and this is true of the authors of both "Dark

Ghetto" and "Spanish Harlem"—has discovered how to convince enough of the poor that they can, through their own votes and their own candidates, "control their own destinies," in Mrs. Sexton's homiletic phrase. Still, both books may be a prelude to the studies that will come out of the growing experiments in organizing the poor to organize themselves.

WHAT can happen if the poor fail to acquire real political power is projected by Donald Michael, of the Institute for Policy Studies, in "The Next Generation" (Random House). This small volume, based on a report he prepared in 1963 for the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency and Youth Crime, tries to predict major developments in American society over the next twenty years if there is no redistribution of decision-making power. For

Negroes (and he could have added Puerto Ricans and the white poor), he foresees an "over-all national trend . . . in the direction of a white, privileged, skilled, intellectual-professional society and a Negro menial, unskilled, worker society." For unskilled workers, "extensive public works programs are most probable, since only these will make use of large numbers of untrained workers who also lack the motives or abilities for retraining. But it should be noted that such programs, in the absence of any long-term and extensive effort to eliminate the sources of low capability, will simply prolong the existence of a group ever less capable of taking a productive place in an ever more complex and sophisticated world."

Those in the ghetto know the stakes without having to look ahead twenty years. Some have lost hope. Others stay alive as best they can. And others are beginning to listen to those who advocate forming groups for social and political action. In "Dark Ghetto," Dr. Clark quotes an eighteen-year-old in Harlem: "All right, so you get into the school and you get your rights, but in the whole scope of the black man in America, how can you accomplish anything by doing this? Yes, all right, you are accepted into Woolworths; you fought and got your heads beat in. But what do your children think of you? Do you have any economic or political power?" The youngster was talking to Negro civil-rights workers about to go back South, but, as "Dark Ghetto" and "Spanish Harlem" demonstrate, he could have been addressing Negroes in



the Northern ghettos. At the same time, he was also talking, of course, about the real meaning of integration. "No one with a mop," says another voice that comes out of "Dark Ghetto," "can expect respect from a banker, or an attorney, or men who create jobs, and all you have is a mop. Are you crazy? Whoever heard of integration between a mop and a banker?"

—NAT HENTOFF

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE RABBI, by Noah Gordon (McGraw-Hill). A big, warmhearted, clumsy novel about a handsome young New York City-born rabbi who marries the beautiful and well-meaning but unstable daughter of a Connecticut Congregationalist minister. Their children are nearly grown and she is forty years of age when she collapses from the pressures of her past, and for a time things look very bad, but then, thanks be to goodness, she responds to shock treatment, and so the ending is not only on the upswing but brave, and being brave is so much more sensible than being happy in these difficult days we are all living through.

GENERAL

PAULINE, by Pierson Dixon (McKay). As the British Ambassador to France, the late Sir Pierson Dixon resided in the Hôtel de Charost, at 39 Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré—the British Embassy in Paris—which was from 1803 to 1814 the Paris residence of Princess Pauline Borghese, née Maria-Paola Bonaparte. "Living in this house, which 150 years later is much as it was after Pauline enlarged, redecorated, and furnished it in the Empire style," Sir Pierson explains in a prefatory note, "I was tempted to write something about its previous owner." The result of this understandable temptation is an enchanting period piece—the splendors and excitements of the Napoleonic era as experienced (or endured) by the Emperor's favorite and most affectionate sister, a woman of great charm, great beauty, great passion, and very little sense. Illustrated.

MISSION IN TORMENT: AN INTIMATE ACCOUNT OF THE U.S. ROLE IN VIETNAM, by John Mecklin (Doubleday). The author stopped being a newspaperman and became—for nearly two years (1962-64)—the Public Affairs Officer at

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the American Embassy in Saigon. Like any other publicity man, he was supposed to promote good will. He couldn't. American newspaper correspondents thought that Ngo Dinh Diem, the President, was incompetent, and Mr. Mecklin had no way of stopping them from writing as much—a powerlessness that seemed incredible to Diem, and, for that matter, to the American brass supporting him. The author had a nasty time, but he does not dwell excessively on his hard lot—he is more informative than complaining. He relates with detachment the process by which a great power became for a while the captive of a small, arrogant client, and he tells, from inside the Mission, why we changed our policy. His thoughtful book concludes with the recommendation that the United States commit its ground troops to a ground war. Nothing less, he thinks, will win, and, in his opinion, we must not lose.

AMERICA AT LAST: THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF T. H. WHITE, with an introduction by David Garnett (Putnam). The late T. H. White was a pleasing writer with a merry intelligence who taught by delight—"The Goshawk," for example, turned all his readers into falconers by proxy—and this journal, which he kept while he crisscrossed the United States on a vast lecture tour in 1963, shows that he learned by delight, too. He had a wonderful time on his trip. His original opinions about what he saw will make Americans reflect on themselves and their culture in a most enlightening way, for Mr. White always asked himself "What is specifically American?" rather than—as far too many visitors do—"What's the matter with all this?"

THE BATTLE OF EL ALAMEIN, by Fred Majdalany (Lippincott). The author characterizes his subject as "a horrid muddled messy killing match—in scorching heat, choking dust, and generally in a foot of exhausting powdery sand—in which sheer courage and tenacity, backed by superior resources, wore out an enemy no less brave and tenacious," but quickly adds that it was a battle of decisive importance. In the nearly

two weeks it lasted (October 23–November 4, 1942), the Battle of El Alamein repulsed a crucial German drive toward Egypt and the oil riches of the Middle East, and, together with the Russian victory at Stalingrad two months later, it turned the tide of the war. To quote Churchill, "It may almost be said, 'Before Alamein we never had a victory. After Alamein we never had a defeat.'" Mr. Majdalany, who served in the British Eighth Army, recounts its twelve days and nights of constant fighting, and the equally bloody events from which they emerged, with the clarity of full comprehension and with a proper awareness of the extraordinary impact on the whole affair of its two celebrated antagonists—Rommel and Montgomery. Maps.

COMING OF AGE IN AMERICA: GROWTH AND ACQUIESCENCE, by Edgar Z. Friedenberg (Random House). The author, an educator and sociologist, recently finished a unique study of high-school students' attitudes, and he is not at all happy about what most American high schools are doing to their charges. Many of the schools, he says, are prisonlike both physically and by regulation (no talking in line); they tend to demand, and get, too much acceptance of crass mass standards. They smother not only adolescents' rebellions but also their originality and intellectual curiosity and their sense that they, as individuals, have rights. Mr. Friedenberg's book has too much valuable detail to be usefully summarized; it should be read. The author's affection for young people is attractive, and his style is entertaining.

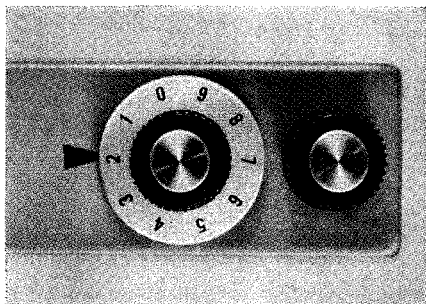
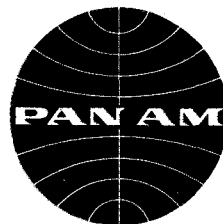
THE NEW RADICALISM IN AMERICA, 1889-1963: THE INTELLECTUAL AS A SOCIAL TYPE, by Christopher Lasch (Knopf). A critical essay that examines the personal problems and the psychological motivations, as well as the ideas and the achievements, of such figures as Jane Addams, Lincoln Steffens, and Norman Mailer. Mr. Lasch, a young historian, is learned, crisp, and cocksure. Too often, he gives the impression that he is disposing of, rather than understanding, his subjects.

DRINKING NOTE—For a mild and tasty appetizer, try three dog, put a drop of castor oil in each eye to protect them from soap-parts of tomato juice with one part sherry.

—Davenport (Iowa) Saturday Times-Democrat.

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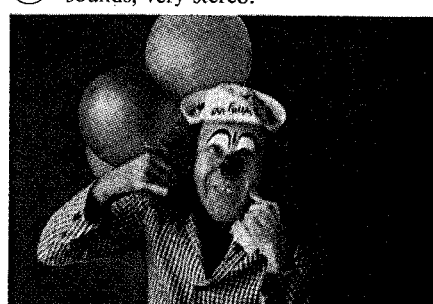
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